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THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: THE OPENING OF THE FIGHT AT MATI.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Nothing we know is so outrageous as for a layman to express his opinion upon professional matters. Let a novelist out of orders attempt to venture upon matters of faith, let anyone not a medical man dare to state what agrees with him, let a civilian say an impious word about the War Office, and all such persons will learn that those who in (professional) quarrels interpose are apt to get a bloody nose. A person outside the legal calling, but holding a responsible office, did, however, once observe that the law was "a hass," a remark that has been extremely quoted; and this it is, I think, which has given laymen courage to dispute now and then the sagacity of that profession. On the question, for example, "Shall prisoners be placed in the witness-box?" which is occupying the attention of gentlemen of the long robe, I have received quite a number of "opinions" from persons outside the profession. It seems, they say, to be agreed that the proposed reform will tend to the conviction of the guilty; but most lawyers think that it will endanger the innocent, because of the effects of cross-examination. This is not very complimentary, by the way, to a system the effect of which is thus confessedly to confuse and obscure the issue, and seems rather to point to the necessity of its restraint within narrower limits. But why should not an innocent person tell the truth, even in spite of badgerings? In fiction, of course, we often read of cases where, out of chivalry and in order to spare others, a prisoner declines to give an account of his own proceedings, which would otherwise clear him; but does this happen in real life?

The legal mind is particularly scandalised lest his past should be inquired into. This is intensely humorous, considering that it is perfectly reckless about the past of witnesses who are not suspected of any crime. Their characters, forsooth, are not of the slightest consequence, if only, by any process of blackening, they may be made to favour or prejudice the man in the dock. They are dragged by the lasso of the subpoena into court and compelled to give evidence about a matter with which they have, perhaps, little or no concern, while the searchlight of cross-examination beats about their whole lives without protection from anybody. The Judge, their natural guardian, is appealed to in vain; he is—if one may say so without irreverence—"in the swim," soaked in legal tradition, and inclined to give any amount of rope to the counsel for the hanging of the witness. But the person of the prisoner is sacred. Surely, cry his excited advocates, you would not treat *him* like an ordinary witness? What! would you speak of the poor fellow's past? Outrageous idea! Think, if he should be shown to have committed half-a-dozen (or even fewer) similar crimes before, how it would prejudice the jury against him! Well, it probably would; but why shouldn't it? This is quite on all fours with the warning the law administers to persons accused of crime, to be very careful what they say lest it should be used against them. There is, however, a reason for this, which is wholly wanting in the case supposed. Witnesses are cross-examined to prove their characters worthless, and why not the prisoner? The fact is that in the case of the latter the criminal law has a vested interest; it can't get on without him. He is like a stag in the eyes of the Royal Hunt; he gives it employment; it persecutes, catches, and sometimes even kills him, but he is game that is strictly preserved; moreover, he is given "law"—and a good deal of it—that he may have every opportunity of escape.

Hoaxes are generally dull affairs, and partake more or less of the character of practical jokes, but once or twice in a whole generation one gets a good one. It is impossible to deny that in this undesirable branch of humour M. Fabry Lupiac has scored. It is not, it is true, a very difficult feat to flatter the vanity of a poet, but to capture eight hundred of them with the same bait is something to boast of; and M. de Lupiac does boast of it. "Go to my house and read the letters addressed to me by these versifiers," said he to the Judge before whom he was arraigned, "if you want to see the depths to which human vanity can go." He had issued a poetry competition, for which he received eight hundred manuscripts, each accompanied by two guineas, the cost of subscription. To every one of these poets he wrote that he or she had gained the prize, and asking for the winner's photograph and biography for publication in the *Poet's Journal*, as well as 43 francs for packing the prize—a statue by Frémiet. None of the eight hundred doubted that they deserved success, or expressed the least astonishment at such an unusual instance of merit rewarded. Most of the wretch's correspondents were ladies, and if they could have got at him he would probably have experienced the fate of Orpheus.

After poetry, prose: the misfortune that has befallen the novelist whose manuscript has been stolen from an iron safe under the idea that it was "securities" will appeal to every heart, including that of the burglar. "Sugar, I thinks; tobacco, I hopes; tracts, by Jingo!" the observation used by the sailor on discovering the true nature of his flotsam and jetsam, expresses by comparison with this fiasco a very slight disappointment; for to the crackman fiction can never be "Scrip and Share," as

"lucky rhymes" are to the poet. Mr. William Sikes selling a manuscript to a publisher (without the intervention of a literary agent) is a picture of commercial life not to be imagined. Perhaps under these circumstances he will return it to the novelist, who deserves it for having put his work in a place of apparent security. The general habit of his class is to let it lie about anywhere; to send it without his address to an editor; and only when it is lost, through his own "contributory negligence," to discover that it is priceless.

The latest discovery of the bacteriologists is that ink is full of deadly germs, but this can hardly be considered a novel contribution to our stock of knowledge. When the poet speaks of a Fury "slinging flame," it is doubtless a mere paraphrase for "slinging ink," the deadly effects of which have been recognised ever since the art of writing was discovered. Pope indulged in this practice to an extent that we should consider intolerable; no one thinks of writing, even of a dramatist who adapts from the French, as he wrote of Cibber—

How, with less reading than makes felons scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A patch'd, vamp'd, future, old, revived new piece.

Smart, in his lesser Dunciad, thus attacks Sir John Hill, the assailant of the Royal Society. Nature, he says, has never before been productive in vain until she made him—

On mere privation she bestow'd a frame,
And dignified a nothing with a name;
A wretch devoid of use, of sense, and grace,
The insolvent tenant of incumber'd space!

To which Sir John rejoins that he forgives Mr. Smart, because "a bookseller took him up on my recommendation. I betrayed him into the profession [of letters], and having starved upon it, he has a right to abuse me." There were bacteria in authors' ink indeed in those days. King wrote of Bentley, "He thinks meanly, I find, of my reading; yet, for all that, I have read more than any man in England besides him and me, for I have read his book right through."

Compared with these amenities, how mild appear the minor quarrels of authors! "No tawdry grace," says Bulwer (in his "New Timon") of Tennyson—

Shall womanize my pen!
E'en in a love-song, man should write for men!
Not mine, not mine (O Muse, forbid!) the boon
Of borrowed notes, the mock-bird's modish tune,
The jingling medley of purloined conceits,
Outbabying Wordsworth and outglittering Keats.

To which Tennyson replied with far keener sarcasm—

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote!
A Lion, you, that made a noise,
And shook a mane *en papillotes*.

It is well to remember that the germs in the ink flung by these two writers were afterwards sterilised. The offensive lines were removed from the "New Timon," and the Laureate's poems admitted to be "exquisitely expressed," while Tennyson came to the conclusion regarding his detractors that the noblest answer to them is kindly silence. How foolish it is to carry on these pigmy wars before the stony face of Time! Why should brothers pinch one another and scratch the very dead for spite? Indeed, notwithstanding the new discovery, there are really very few bacteria left in authors' ink.

During the general turmoil and excitement about the Græco-Turkish campaign, it is rather restful to meet with a few people who are not distracted by it. I do not pretend to such philosophy myself, but it is interesting to observe them. They remind one of the country squire who passed by with his hounds during the Battle of Edgehill. They think it monstrous that intelligent persons should be so rapt in so barbarous a spectacle, and have much the same opinion of them as of people who admire a dog-fight. Other kinds of wickedness, they say, are looked upon with horror, while this, the very worst of all, is regarded with a sort of bastard admiration. If one ventures to tell them it is human nature, they say the same may be said of all the vices. Most of the philosophers are men of letters, and perhaps the notorious falling off in the circulation of everything but war news affects their views, but this is a theory one keeps to oneself. It is curious, however, to note what a considerable number of people have not been jolted out of their grooves by outside disturbances. When the earthquake panic was at its height in London, and seven hundred of the nobility left town in one day (not that they were frightened, but "it was such fine weather one couldn't help going into the country"), Horace Walpole "recommended bark, as earthquakes were periodic"; when there were Black Mondays in the City, it is surprising how little some people cared about them; and during the Reign of Terror in Paris, we are told that the audiences at the theatres were not diminished. Still, war is very upsetting, and I envy these good people their calm.

The tall hat is threatened! War between such far-off nations as Greeks and Turks (who don't wear it) sinks to nothing in comparison with this announcement. What henceforth will be sacred from the reformer? After the hat, by an easy transition, the Crown. Does he understand that there are thousands

of his fellow-citizens who dare not go to church unless in a tall hat? Does he know how he looks when he has his great-coat on and ventures to wear a billycock? Is he aware that the line in a couplet that has puzzled a good many people—

And over that ethereal brow
The bar of Michael Angelo,

has been explained by a commentator to be the mark made by a tight hat? The "topper" is not of much use, perhaps, to shield him from the sun, and it blows off in a wind and it is spoilt by the wet; but if he is thrown off his horse and he falls on his head, it saves his life. How many of us must owe our lives to its intervention. Think of that! The help of the Prince of Wales is to be invoked, it seems, to free us from this thralldom. But why not tax the topper? Hats, though not tall ones, have been taxed in this country before. The tax must have been a heavy one to have suggested a hat subscription such as the following—

Three hats, value £1 1s. each, at £1 14s. 6d. per annum, delivered as follows: Two on subscription, the third at the end of eight months, when the two first must be returned, and the third at the end of the year. Four hats, value £1 4s. each, at £2 6s. per annum, delivered as follows: Two on subscribing, and two at the end of six months, when the two first must be returned, and the other two at the end of the year. The hats changed as the fashions vary during subscribing. To remove all prejudices, gentlemen may call at the manufactory and see the quality. Old hats taken in part of the subscription money.—Durrant and Pitra, hat manufactory, middle of Monmouth Street.—(*Times*, Aug. 25, 1796.)

A Jew was convicted at Bow Street and sent to prison for two months for selling a hat without a stamped lining. This seems to be a reasonable way of getting rid of the tall hat—by "stamping" it out.

Apologies are fairly due to novel-readers for any more stories about "the Pretender" or "Bonnie Prince Charlie"; they don't care which he was, but they have had enough of him. The Stuarts may not have been an estimable race, but historical novelists at least should revere their memory, for they have given them more "copy" than any other family in the world. The storyteller who now ventures to "take up the subject" (to borrow a phrase from the "exams") with any hope of success must be of a sanguine temperament, and his best friends (not, of course, in the same line of business) can only "wish he may get it." It is therefore greatly to the credit of the author of "Fierceheart the Soldier" that he has found a place for himself in such crowded ground, and holds his own there, not far below the best of them—even Sir Walter. This is the more remarkable, since not only is his topic so well worn, but his style is not original, being a most curious amalgam of Charles Reade, George Meredith, and Blackmore, though with something separate, and belonging to himself nevertheless. General Sir James Seton is a magnificent ruffian, who has made himself almost the equal of Marlborough, and is a devoted adherent of a King little fitted to inspire devotion, and who was called by a good many people, even when on the throne of England, the Elector of Hanover. One may imagine his indignation when, being taken prisoner after Prestonpans, he finds his only son first favourite with Prince Charlie, after performing prodigies of valour in his service, but one cannot imagine his language; this the author has kindly supplied to us, and also with the fact that his first action was to fire a pistol point blank at the traitor's head. Not for nothing has he been called Fierceheart. The whole interview is admirably described. He refuses the parole offered him by the Prince, and is only induced to accept it by the news that is brought him of his wife's fatal illness, who has sent from her deathbed an urgent summons for her husband and her son. The story consists of the frantic efforts the boy makes to meet her wishes and the immutable resolve of his father, notwithstanding his love for his wife, to have him hanged if he can get hold of him. A rough but good-hearted parson, and an angel, the Baronet's niece, in love with the traitor boy, are the two other chief characters in this very interesting book. They do all they can to melt Fierceheart's cruel resolve, and fail, as also does his dying wife. But, gentle as is her nature, she is a mother, and lets him know it—

"Forty-seven years next June, James, and a very true wife I've been—very admiring, very consenting, very worshipping, very faithful. And, James, I'm dying now; but I rise—so—just like this—on my deathbed, and order you forth of my room. Go!"

No description could be more realistic than her own. The mother and the wife did rise straight up in her bed, and with outstretched finger gave the husband and the father the door—

"Go, and remember my door is locked against you till your son is sent for."

"My son?" For an instant his failing brain could only grasp the image of the traitor, the Stuart bastard, who was a son, yet not a son.

"Your son, your flesh, your blood. Go, James!" scorned the mother's finger; "go, and do not return to this room until you bring his pardon. And remember that I have waited fifty years, and for my death-bed, to speak to you like this! But my boy, my boy!"

He went. Straight as an arrow he left her, and shut the door behind him gently. He shut it gently; he was closing a door in his soul.

The mother fell back on her pillows, coughing blood.

This is only one scene out of many of almost equal force. The whole book is as powerful as it is pathetic, and at the same time, strange to say, grimly humorous.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR.

Two points stand out of the rather confusing situation in Greece and the attitude of the Powers. King George has recalled Colonel Vassos from Crete. Rather hastily, this is taken by some observers to mean the beginning of deference to the Concert on the part of the new Greek Cabinet. M. Ralli has succeeded M. Delyannis, and the recall of Colonel Vassos is supposed to indicate a change of policy. It does not appear, however, that if he returns to Athens he will take his men with him, for another officer has been appointed to the command of King George's troops in Crete. Moreover, the temper of the islanders is, if possible, more hostile than ever to European intervention. The insurgent chiefs say that the Greek disasters make no difference to them, and that they are determined not to rest till they have union with the mother-country.

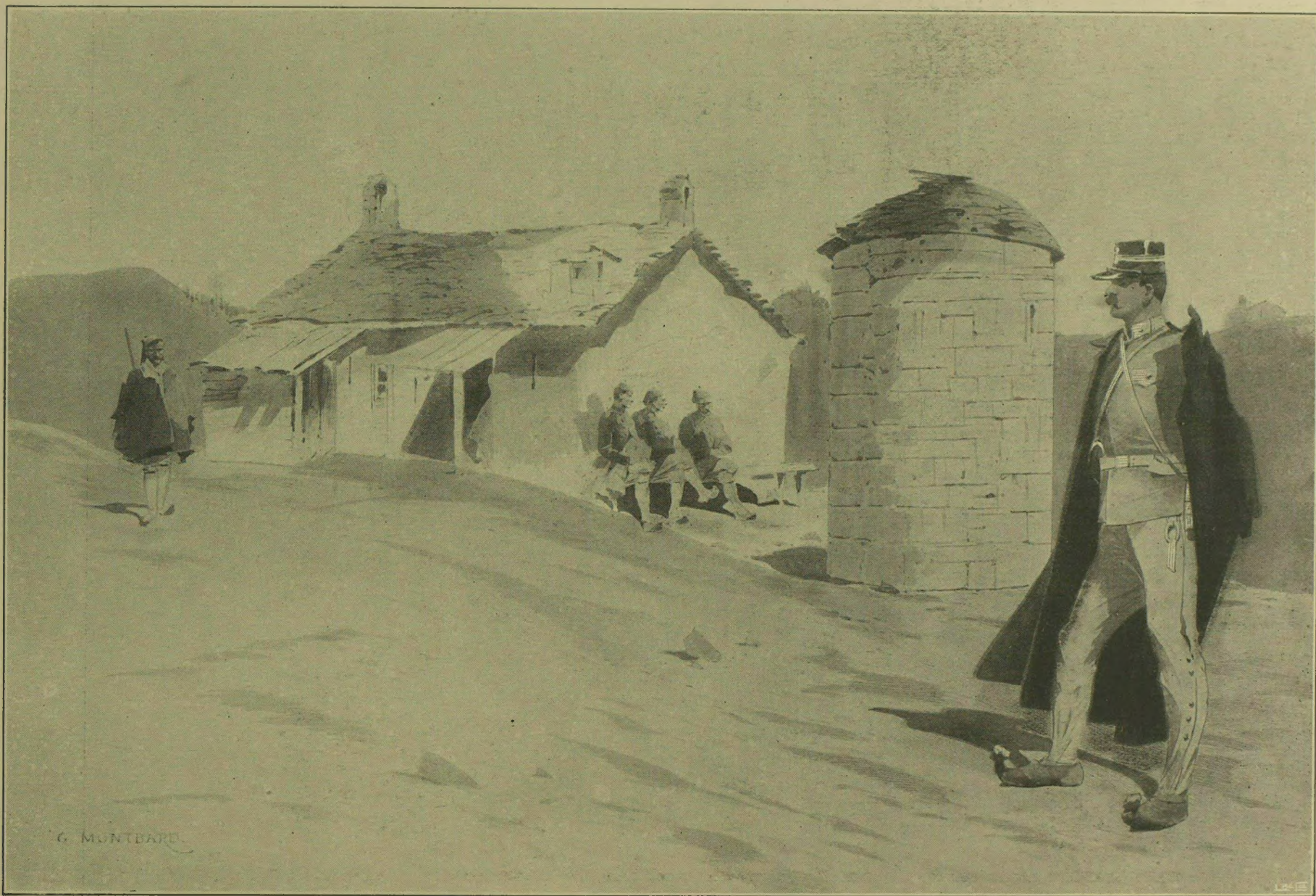
Lord Salisbury is understood to have suggested a Conference, which, so far, has not found favour with the Continental Cabinets. They are waiting for the complete submission of Greece. Some military observers believe

confusion at Athens, he was compelled to retire before a greatly superior force; but this does not explain the disorder which closely resembled flight. The personal bravery of the Greek rank-and-file has been attested beyond question, but discipline and cohesion are sadly lacking to the raw levies which have tried to stand against Edhem's veterans. Much bitterness has been excited amongst the Greeks by the presence of German officers with the Turks. Some of these officers, it is asserted, are still on the active list of the German army. They have been of special service to the Turks in the organisation of the artillery. The Turkish occupation of Volo is disputed, and the Greek fleet is said to be protecting the port. So far the performances of the fleet are wrapped in obscurity. A correspondent at Athens says the inaction of the Greeks by sea is due to reasons which "cannot be divulged." No attempt has been made on Salonica, and a representative of one of the Powers is alleged to have assured the merchants of that town that bombardment will not take place. According to a statement from Greek sources, this means that the Powers are shielding the Turkish ports; but that scarcely clears up the mystery. The exultation at Constantinople must be causing the

sufficient to save them from suffering. From the condition of the labourers in the photograph it may be inferred that of the three millions more or less upon relief, the emaciated, of whom extreme and often imaginary cases have been laid before the public, are chiefly found in the poor-houses, where the waifs and strays of many millions are collected together and receive food and medical treatment.

THE QUEEN'S HOME-COMING.

The Queen's holiday is over, and her Majesty is once more at home, much strengthened in health by her sojourn in the Riviera. It is good news, indeed, that she has never derived greater benefit from any former visit to the South of France, for the approaching celebration of her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee must inevitably tax her strength very severely with all its ceremonial. The Queen left Cimiez on Wednesday in last week, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. Military honours were paid to the departing visitors, the royal carriage being escorted by a special guard of honour of the Horse Artillery to the station at Nice, where five companies of infantry saluted her



THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: OUTSIDE A FRONTIER BLOCKHOUSE.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seyppings Wright

this to be inevitable. The new Ministry at Athens has deputed two of its members to make a report on the state of the army at Pharsala. This means that a decision must soon be taken either to continue the struggle or to seek mediation. The correspondents who are friendly to Greece seem disposed to regard her cause in the field as lost. The morale of the troops at Pharsala is improving, but there are very few optimists who believe that the Greeks can make a successful stand against Edhem Pasha. Some surprise has been expressed at the apparent sluggishness of this commander after the capture of Larissa. There was no effective pursuit of the retreating Greeks, and it would appear as if Edhem had received instructions not to press his advantage too quickly. He has been making reconnaissances, and his cavalry has been checked by the Greeks at Velestino. There are contradictory accounts of the engagements at this place. The Greeks say that a whole Turkish regiment was decimated, and that the fugitives were pursued for miles. The Turks affirm that they were victorious. The fighting was not decisive either way, and offers no test of the Greek capacity to hold the main positions at Pharsala. In Epirus the Greeks have failed to maintain the prestige of their early successes. Their retreat from Pentepigadia, where they were within striking distance of Janina, was caused by a panic like that which lost Larissa. It is said that Colonel Manos had made repeated demands for reinforcements, and that as no heed was paid to him, owing to the

Concert no little uneasiness. The Sultan is expected by his most ardent sympathisers to repudiate his engagements in Crete, and to hold Thessaly till Greece pays an indemnity. As the Greeks have no money, such a project could only mean annexation, which some of the Powers, at all events, are not likely to tolerate. But suppose the Turks refuse to budge from Larissa? In Crete the Sultan cannot do any more mischief than he has done already, for he will not be allowed to send fresh troops to the island; but he can refuse to withdraw from Thessaly, and this would undoubtedly put the Powers into an awkward predicament.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

Statistics from the famine-stricken districts of India show no material change. There has been a light rain in Bengal and the Punjab generally, and some showers in Madras and other quarters, but not enough to do any great good. The number of natives employed on relief works has been considerably increased since the harvest has been carried, and the total number now reported on relief is 3,298,000. The organisation of the relief works is, however, working most satisfactorily, and the Mansion House Fund is serving its purpose in alleviating some portion, at least, of the prevalent distress. Tank-digging forms one of the most important classes of relief work. The people come on to such works generally before they have suffered from want, and while working they are, as a matter of course, paid at a rate

Majesty. A large assemblage of French officials and British visitors had gathered at the station to bid the Queen *bon voyage*, and bouquets were presented to her Majesty by the Mayor of Nice, by Sir James Harris, British Consul, and by a number of the ladies, British and foreign, who were present. The Grand Duke Peter and the Grand Duchess Militza were among the many persons of note who witnessed the Queen's departure from Nice, and at Cannes station the royal train was met by the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and her youthful son, who is now reigning Grand Duke in succession to his father, the late Grand Duke. The journey to Cherbourg was uneventfully accomplished, and the royal train reached that place on the afternoon of the last day of April. The Queen at once embarked on board the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, and, as on her journey outward, spent the night on board, a guard of honour of the French Marine Infantry being mounted in the dockyard. Early the next morning the royal yacht left Cherbourg for Portsmouth, under the escort of H.M.S. *Galatea*, H.M.S. *Melampus*, the royal yacht *Osborne*, and the Trinity yacht *Irene*. Portsmouth was duly reached after a smooth passage, and before leaving the yacht the Queen received the Duchess of Albany. The Queen's subjects at Portsmouth and Windsor assembled in large numbers to welcome her Majesty home. The Court will remain at Windsor until May 22, and will then go to Balmoral for a brief period.



THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: THE GREEKS FALLING BACK ON LARISSA IN PANIC.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

The accounts of the panic-stricken retreat of the Greeks from Turnavo towards Larissa, and the subsequent evacuation of the latter stronghold, have differed very widely from each other. The manœuvre of the Turkish troops after the capture of Deliler probably started the panic. Edhem Pasha sent forward the left wing of the Turkish force which had carried the fight of Muti-Deliler immediately after its occupation of the latter position, and the singing of the Albanian troops as they advanced in the night led the Greeks to think that the whole Turkish force was upon them. Turnavo was therefore abandoned, and a retreat upon Larissa ordered. The dispirited troops then mis'ook the flash signals in the mountains to mean the closing-in of the enemy, and fell into disorder. The fugitives reached Larissa in the small hours of the morning and spread panic through the town, with the result that the strategic policy of abandoning even Larissa led to a general stampede of the whole populace.



THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR.—INTERIOR OF A GREEK BLOCKHOUSE: THE GARRISON AWAKE ALL NIGHT EXPECTING TO BE ATTACKED BY THREE THOUSAND TURKS.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: MEN FROM H.M.S. "RODNEY" AND THE "PRINCESS STEPHANIE" PULLING DOWN UNSAFE RUINS IN CANA.

From a Photograph by a Naval Correspondent.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty held a Council at Windsor on Monday last, and will come to London next Monday to hold a Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace. Princess Christian held a Drawing-Room for the Queen on Tuesday.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday presided over a meeting of the Imperial Institute, and attended the dinner of the Royal Academy. The Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales on that day went to Sandringham, where they visited the Duchess of York, whose health is progressing satisfactorily, while that of her infant daughter is perfectly good. The Prince of Wales rejoined his family at Sandringham on Monday.

Saturday was the birthday of the Duke of Connaught, who on that day, with the Duchess and their children, visited the Queen at Windsor. His Royal Highness is to be appointed Quartermaster-General, the command of the Aldershot troops being transferred to General Sir Redvers Buller.

A letter has been written by the Princess of Wales to the Lord Mayor, dated April 29, requesting that amidst all the many schemes and preparations for the Queen's Diamond Jubilee Commemoration, "the poorest of the poor in the slums of London" may have their share "in the festivities of that blessed day, and so remember to the end of their lives that great and good Queen whose glorious reign has, by the blessing of God, been prolonged for sixty years." Her Royal Highness adds, "Let us, therefore, provide these poor beggars and outcasts with a dinner or substantial meal during the week of the 22nd of June." Leaving the organisation of the arrangements to the Lord Mayor, in whose kindness and ability she expresses her confidence, and desiring "that the very poor in all parts of London should be equally cared for," the Princess of Wales offers £100 to head the subscription for this purpose. The Lord Mayor has had an interview with her Royal Highness on the subject, and has opened a Mansion House Fund, to which he invites donations, while consulting with various metropolitan authorities upon the best way of arrangement.

The House of Commons South Africa Inquiry Committee on Friday examined Dr. Rutherford Harris, late Secretary at Capetown to the Chartered Company, as well as private secretary and confidential agent to Mr. Cecil Rhodes. The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, at his own request, made a statement to the Committee, declaring that he had never allowed Dr. Rutherford Harris or any other person to tell him anything of the intended plot at Johannesburg, or Dr. Jameson's raid; and he had not the slightest knowledge or suspicion of those matters beforehand.

An important meeting of Irish landowners and mortgagees, attended by nearly eight hundred gentlemen, presided over by the Duke of Abercorn, was held at Dublin on Friday, passing resolutions to demand a Government Commission of Inquiry into the procedure and practice of the Land Commission, the assessment of judicial rents, and the excessive reductions of rents not justified by the official tables of prices, or by any known changes in the cost of production; and the absurdly low valuation of landowners' property, which is irreconcilable with the high prices freely given by the purchasers of tenants' holdings. The Marquis of Londonderry, the Marquis of Dufferin, Viscount Templetown, and other speakers took part in this meeting, and it was referred to the Irish Landowners' Convention to bring the question before Parliament, with a view to the claim of compensation for loss caused by the unfair administration of the Irish Land Acts.

The new buildings of the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum at West Norwood were opened by the Duke of Cambridge on Monday; the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London were present.

Sir Henry Irving on Monday opened an exhibition of pictures at the Stratford Town Hall.

A meeting of the supporters of the Actors' Orphanage Fund was held at the Criterion Theatre on Friday, Mr. Charles Wyndham in the chair, to thank Mr. Passmore Edwards for his noble offer to pay the cost of erecting the projected building and of maintaining it for two years, upon condition that it be afterwards maintained by the members of the theatrical profession. Miss Ellen Terry spoke very cordially in favour of accepting the offer upon this condition, and significantly declared that she knew one lady

who was willing to give £1000 to the required fund. Some other speakers thought it would be difficult to insure the provision of an adequate yearly income for maintaining twenty orphans at such an institution, which would demand the investment of a capital sum of £30,000 or £40,000. The question was referred to the committee for deliberation.

An exhibition of pictures, medals, jewels, relics, books, and other memorials of the Tudor period of English history was opened last week in the Manchester Town Hall by the Duke of Devonshire, with the Lord Mayor of Manchester and other members of the City Corporation, by whom it had been arranged in their Art Gallery.

A terrible disaster took place in Paris on Tuesday afternoon. More than a hundred persons, most of them ladies, representing much of the best French society, many of distinguished rank and high position, perished in a few minutes. That mode of death which is the most painful and dreadful to the imagination, death by fire, suddenly carried off, in a large assembly drawn together for an object of benevolence, so great a multitude of human lives that the French nation, and the magnificent capital which still commands the world's admiration by its perpetual display of brilliant talent and taste in the adornment of public and private life, is sincerely to be consoled with upon this sad occasion. In the Rue Jean Goujon, in the Champs Elysées, adjacent to the buildings of the Palais de l'Industrie, a plot of ground belonging to M. Michel Heine, the Jewish banker, had been annually lent, for several years past, to the Roman Catholic religious society called La Charité Maternelle, which erected there a large wooden hall, some 300 ft. long and 180 ft. wide, for holding a fancy bazaar in aid of a charitable fund. The committee of management had annexed to that structure a portion of the remaining Great Exhibition temporary buildings of the Palais de

of the victims of shipwreck of the *Drummond Castle*, Sir Edmund Monson, the British Ambassador, having been detained that day by urgent business in Paris, went to Brest and visited the Maritime Prefecture, where he presented medals to the French officials and others meriting our national gratitude upon the same occasion. Sir Edmund Monson, at the annual dinner of the British Chamber of Commerce at Paris, on Monday, spoke of the increase of British trade with France, which was now eleven times as great in value as it was at the beginning of the Queen's reign.

The visit of the Emperor of Austria to the Czar Nicholas II. at St. Petersburg, which terminated at the end of last week, is believed to have been attended with mutually satisfactory conferences upon the present crisis in Turkey. Their Imperial Majesties have addressed corresponding Notes to King Charles of Roumania and the young King Alexander of Serbia commending their prudent attitude during the Greek invasion of Macedonia. The King of Serbia, who lately visited the King of Roumania at Bucharest, has now gone also to visit his other neighbour, Prince Daniel of Montenegro, at Cetinje. It is probable that the interests of these Slav States of the Balkan region, and also that of Bulgaria, will find powerful guardians at a Conference of the Great Powers.

Fresh trouble on the Gold Coast of West Africa is threatened by the news that Lieutenant Henderson, R.N., British Commissioner from Sir W. E. Maxwell, the Governor of Cape Coast Castle, sent into the interior (Hinterland, as the Germans call it) to arrange treaties with native tribes, has been attacked by Samory, a powerful Mohammedan chief, with whom the French, in the Senegal region, were at war some years ago. The outrage is said to have been perpetrated early in April at Wa, within the recognised British "sphere of influence."

It is not certain apparently that Lieutenant Henderson was killed, but his companion, Major Ferguson, was severely wounded; another of the party, Dr. Kennedy, died of fever. Governor Maxwell has asked for a reinforcement of Houssa troops from Lagos, under command of Inspector-General Mitchell, to march inland from Accra.

PARLIAMENT.

The Budget is a solid piece of finance without any remarkable characteristics. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had reckoned last year upon a very modest surplus—less than half a million; but a great increase of the revenue

left him with a surplus of £2,473,000. But for an excess of expenditure over the estimate, the surplus would have been a million more. For the coming year the estimated surplus is £1,569,000, nothing of which goes to the reduction of taxation. Half a million is allotted to the Navy, and £200,000 to the strengthening of garrisons in South Africa. Instead of taking off taxes, the Chancellor of the Exchequer devotes £366,000 to the improvement of the postal service. In future a letter or parcel weighing four ounces will cost only a penny, and portage charges for telegrams delivered within three miles are abolished. Another slice of the surplus is swallowed by Scotch and Irish education grants. Substantially that is the whole story. It is a useful Budget, but does not excite enthusiasm, especially the enthusiasm of income-tax payers. In the debate which followed Sir Michael's statement there was a violent scene between Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain. Sir William attacked the South African expenditure, and said it was a wanton threat to the Transvaal. Mr. Chamberlain called this unpatriotic, denied that an expenditure of only £200,000 meant war, and accused the Transvaal of steadily arming. Mr. Balfour mildly took the same line, and the effervescence passed off. The Home Secretary introduced a Compensation to Workmen Bill, which in some respects goes farther than Mr. Asquith's Employers' Liability Bill. All workmen, except such as are employed where there is no machinery, are to be compensated for any accident whatsoever. If they are incapacitated more than a fortnight they will be paid half wages. Insurance by employers is not prohibited, but any scheme of that kind must satisfy the Official Registrar that it guarantees, as good terms for the workman as the provisions of the new Act. This is an obvious restriction of the principle of "contracting out." Moreover, disputes are to be referred to arbitration, the costs of which will be paid by the State. The Bill will be much discussed, but its main lines are strongly approved by Radicals as well as Unionists.



THE SKETCHER SKETCHED: OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CRETE, MR. MELTON PRIOR, AT WORK ON THE RAMPARTS AT CANDIA.

Facsimile of a Sketch by a British Officer.

l'Industrie—namely, the model range of imitative architectural antiquities called "Old Paris." All was of flimsy and inflammable materials, the woodwork being only covered by drapery and painted canvas; but one side of the building stood against a solid wall. The interior was chiefly occupied by stalls and booths at which ladies presided over the sale of an immense variety of wares, or at which there were diverse attractive shows and amusing entertainments. Among the lady patronesses were the Duchesse d'Alençon, sister of the Empress of Austria, the Duchesse d'Uzès, a leading member of the French Royalist party, the Duchesse de la Torre, the Comtesse d'Haussonville, Comtesse de Mun, Marquise Gallifet, and other persons of rank and influence, some of whom were present keeping stalls. There were about eighteen hundred people in the building a little after four o'clock, mostly ladies and children, with a few gentlemen accompanying them, or assisting in the superintendence of the affair—the latter including Baron de Mackau, Mr. Henry Blount, M. Oppenheim, the Papal Nuncio, several prelates or clergymen, and a few monks. It appears that a nun serving at the stall of the Duchesse d'Uzès lighted a spirit-lamp to inflate a large toy air-balloon which was to ascend to the roof. The balloon caught fire, and, going up to the roof, ignited the drapery that veiled its timbers. In six or seven minutes the whole roof was blazing, and its flaming fragments descended, filling every corner of the hall with an overwhelming conflagration. For those who could not instantly reach the only door of public exit there was little chance of escaping with life. The actual number who perished is not yet known, but it was at least 116, and may have been considerably more; there are charred and blackened fragments of many corpses which cannot be identified. About 150, who got out alive, were badly burnt.

On April 30, the day after the official distribution of the Queen's medals, given with thanks to the people of Ushant and neighbouring Breton isles for their kindly treatment

PERSONAL.

The Private View at Burlington House last week was attended by nearly all the Members and Associates of the Academy, from Cumberland (which sent Mr. Frank Bramley) to Cornwall (which sent Mr. Stanhope Forbes). Cornwall was further represented by Mr. Napier Hemy, who received a hundred congratulations on the purchase of his "Pilchards" by the Chantrey Fund. The President did not stay long in the galleries; but Mr. Sidney Colvin was there twice over—in the flesh and in the President's portrait of him. Politicians were few and far between, with the result that Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and Sir Albert Rollit—with whom was the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland—found very few Parliamentary colleagues to greet. Monday was again a very crowded day at Burlington House, most of the "Forty" being present, and being supported by a whole troop of "outsiders," some of whom have contributed the best pictures to the Exhibition, and yet are without tickets of admission to the Private View.

Cardinal Vaughan has gone to Rome, but not on a holiday. All sorts of business awaits him in the city which has been familiar to him from his youth, and in which, by the way, on his first visit to it, he made the acquaintance of Lord Leighton, then with his fame still before him. No doubt, as some of the papers say, the Cardinal will discuss in Rome the best form of greeting to come from the Pope to the Queen on the occasion of her Jubilee. But that is not the business which takes him away from his diocese; and the further statement that the Pope is thinking of presenting to the Queen a handsome chair on which she may be carried into St. Paul's, as the Pope himself is carried into St. Peter's, may be dismissed at once as idle and unauthorised.

The Colonists have shown of late a happy spirit of comradeship with fellow British subjects which should not go unnoted among the significant events of the times. Canada, for instance, has just closed her Indian Famine Fund with the splendid total of £50,000. More than one-fourth of that sum came through the medium of one Canadian journal, the *Montreal Star*, and it is impossible to note the thousands of small sums received from men, women, and children, of all races and creeds, in all corners of a very scattered dominion which went to make up this total, without realising how strong the spirit of Imperialism has become among the Canadian people generally. From Australia comes another striking manifestation of Imperial comradeship. The squatters there are, we read, combining to send to England, Scotland, and Ireland thousands of frozen oxen and sheep for the Jubilee festival among the poor and outcast, which the Princess of Wales has suggested. The British Empire is not a federation on paper, but it is beyond doubt a federation in sympathy and charity.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling seems to have incurred the displeasure of some members of the Dominion Legislature for describing Canada as the "Lady of Snows." It was objected that this title, though poetical enough, was likely to convey an erroneous idea of the Canadian climate. The practical intelligence of Mr. Kipling's critics construed the phrase to mean perpetual winter, and they thought this might deter Europeans from settling in the colony. Perhaps there is sufficient intelligence left in our worn-out Europe to prevent any such misunderstanding.

M. Victorien Sardou has presented to Sir Henry Irving the inkstand he used when writing "Madame Sans-Gêne."

The Empire has lost a tried and valued public servant by the death of Sir William Cleaver Robinson. It is not given to many men to govern nine colonies as far apart and as unlike one another as St. Kitts and Hong-Kong, Prince Edward Island and the Straits Settlements, the Leeward Islands and South Australia. It is, perhaps, with Western Australia, and the marvellous growth of that Cinderella of the Australian Colonies, that his name will be chiefly associated, and he was never so much at home as when dilating upon the only half-realised marvels of Kalgoorlie and Coolgardie. In his time he nursed small colonies through their pining infancy; helped others, such as Prince Edward Island, from childhood into federal partnership, and he spent his last official years in securing for Western Australia its charter of manhood. Cool, patient, tactful, and full of zeal was Sir William Robinson, and Lord Ripon exaggerated little when he once said that his career was an "unchequered success."

The Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund has yet to be made a success. There is no use disguising the fact that the City has not looked upon it with favour. Any hope there ever was that donations or subscriptions would be forthcoming to meet the hospital deficit in London of about £100,000 a year must, we fear, be abandoned. Some three millions would be required to do that; but only some £300,000 is likely to be forthcoming, even including Lord Iveagh's noble cheque for £12,500 and a morning paper's hundreds of thousands of shillings.

Philatelists are still a little perturbed about the Jubilee stamp—for stamp, their president, the Duke of York, has got them to agree to call it. Nearly a million of these

scraps of paper are to be issued; but even at that number they may easily become scarcities as sought-after souvenirs. That is the confident hope of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund committee, who count on receiving £50,000 from the sales, which will be made in the ordinary course of business by stationers.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll, whose marriage to Miss Catherine Pollard has just been announced, is the son of a Free Church minister of Aberdeenshire. Dr. Nicoll himself took for some years an active part in the ministry in Scotland. His work in London journalism during the last ten years, and, notably, since he founded the *British Weekly*, has given him a very strong position in the ranks of English



Photo Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent.

THE REV. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D.

Nonconformity. Time was when Nonconformity was influenced mainly by its preachers; of late years, and notably since it lost some of its greatest personalities—Mr. Spurgeon, for example—its journalism has become more influential, and the *British Weekly* and its editor not the least markedly so. Dr. Nicoll holds his position in journalism by the vigour of his writings, and largely also through his immense knowledge of literature. Not only an accomplished writer, he is also an energetic book-reviewer, with a keen eye to the work of the younger and rising men. The *Bookman*, which was his creation, holds a strong place in literary journalism.

The Princess of Wales has had an unusual strain on her activities and sympathies during these last weeks. Before all things has Greece been in her thoughts, her devotion to her brother, the King, being one of the notes of her character. But, all newspaper correspondence to the contrary, her Royal Highness will never believe that the Greeks are not a brave people, badly misrepresented in the field by regiments that do not keep their faces to the foe. The Princess is in constant correspondence with Athens, and communications have passed between her Royal Highness and Lord Salisbury since his return to this "little-governed" island.

Even those whose sympathies are more Greek than Turkish are bound to admit that the Turkish troops have displayed many highly creditable qualities since the present war began. The men of the ranks have once more, as in the past, given evidence of courage and endurance which are rendered the more valuable by their accompanying

his department of the preparation for the invasion of the Transvaal. Mr. Chamberlain's testimony is equally clear and emphatic. The Colonial Office had not the ghost of a notion of Mr. Rhodes's plans, though these were known to some servants of the Imperial Government at the Cape.

It is suggested that the Diamond Jubilee procession should be adorned by five hundred maidens, to pay tribute to her Majesty from the young womanhood of Britain. This proposal does not seem to find favour with the masculine authorities. Lovely woman will adorn the scene; she will figure at windows; she will struggle manfully in the crowd; but in the actual procession she will not be allowed to assert herself in point of numbers. In Queen Elizabeth's time the maidens used to receive their Sovereign with song and dance; but we have grown too prosaic for that agreeable custom.

Monsignor Nugent, or plain Father Nugent, as he is still called by preference in Liverpool, has been long known as a teetotal advocate, a prison chaplain, and the founder of refuges and rescue-homes in a city which has sore need of such institutions. On Wednesday, at a large meeting in St. George's Hall, attended equally by Protestants and Roman Catholics, Monsignor Nugent was presented with a purse of gold (£2000), subscribed by Lord Derby and other leading citizens, with an address, and with a portrait of himself, painted by Mr. Shannon, A.R.A.

Mr. Robert Newman's second Symphony Concert, under the direction of Mr. Henry Wood, was, with one exception, given over to the interpretation of works by Grieg. That exception was Arensky's first Symphony in B minor, performed for the first time in London on this occasion. It is not a work of immense importance, but it shows cleverness, gravity, and a clear fineness of musical quality. Perhaps its most important defect is a certain lack of intensity in the inspiration. There seems to be no imperative necessity for the composition of such work as this; still, granting the composition, one finds it possible to admire it. The Grieg extracts were very admirably played, particularly the Second Suite from "Peer Gynt," with its ineffably beautiful Lament of Solvejg. Certainly, on the whole, these concerts have the stuff in them from which enduring popularity should be secured.

After the customary quiet of Easter, the musical season has broken out in full force, the more important concerts of the week being announced for days too late for notice just at present. Mr. Frederick Lamond, Mr. Eugen d'Albert, Mr. Leonard Borwick, Mr. David Bispham, to name but these among more youthful blood; Madame Patti and M. Paderewski among more veteran names, announce their fitfully brilliant appearances. The opera practically begins its season to night (Saturday) with the important operatic concert announced to take place at Covent Garden in honour of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee; but the first real operatic performance is, of course, fixed for Monday, May 10; and so with Richter, the Philharmonic, Mr. Henry Wood, and Sullivan at the Savoy, things should sound gay in London for some time to come.

The *Genealogical Magazine*, which Mr. Elliot Stock issued on May Day, means to make the gentle art of pedigree-making interesting and instructive. The new monthly, which is a handsome octavo, opens well with articles on the Sobieski Stuarts, Shakspeare's family, and the house of Nelson. The Log of the *Mayflower* is also dealt with at length. The notes on current genealogical matters are admirably done, while the queries open up a fascinating field of interest for the curious.

Leading barristers have always expressed sentiments of gratitude towards their clerks, who are often men of

considerable attainments, and whose salaries, which are really a sort of percentage on the fees earned by their masters, amount in many instances to comparatively large sums. Several successful barristers have remembered in their wills what, over and above this, they owed to the service of their clerks. Promotions to the Bench often lead to the promoted man's clerk either retiring or getting an appointment

in the new Judge's court; but perhaps there is no exact precedent for an act of generosity just performed by Mr. Justice Collins, who has handed his faithful clerk as a present a cheque for £1000.

The death of Mr. Edward Fairfield, C.B., C.M.G., is a serious blow to the Colonial Office, where this distinguished public servant, till the beginning of his long illness, was the head of the South African department. Mr. Fairfield entered the Colonial Office at an early age, and by ability and industry attained a high position in the esteem of successive Ministries. To his intimate knowledge of South African questions a very warm tribute has been paid by Mr. Chamberlain. The anxiety and overwork which followed the Jameson raid caused a breakdown in Mr. Fairfield's health, and after a painful seizure on his way to Genoa last autumn, he was removed to San Remo, where he lingered for several months. Mr. Fairfield was a brilliant writer, and at one time a frequent contributor to the weekly Press. Born at Tralee in 1848, he was still in the prime of life.



NECHAT PASHA.



MEMDUH PASHA.



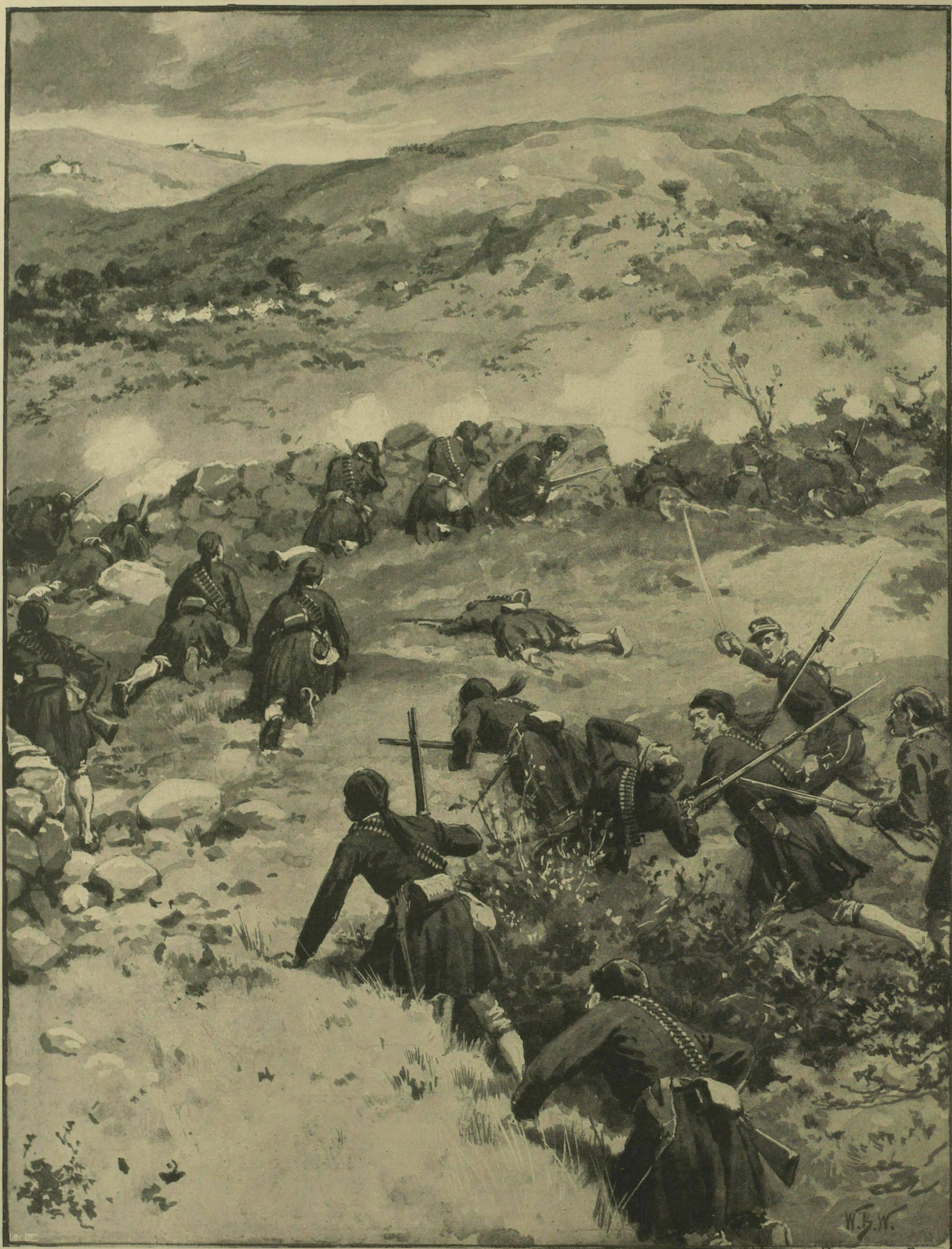
HAURI PASHA.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: COMMANDING OFFICERS OF THE TURKISH TROOPS.

Photographs by Abdullah, Constantinople.

obedience to discipline, and it is apparent that several of the commanding officers are men of marked military capacity. We give the portraits of three commanders of divisions of the Ellassona Army Corps who have been decorated by the Sultan with the Grand Cordon of the Osmanlieh. Nechat Pasha is in command of the Albanian brigade which, after some stubborn fighting, occupied the hill of Kritiri, the last Greek position before Larissa, and captured the fort of Lissakaki. Nechat Pasha is an officer of great experience, which includes an intimate knowledge of the ground covered by the present campaign, for he held a command on the same field of action eleven years ago. Memduh Pasha commands one of the divisions which pursued the Greeks in their retreat upon Larissa, and began the occupation of the town.

Mr. Chamberlain's examination before the South Africa Committee ought to extinguish the idle tale that the Colonial Secretary was prepared for Dr. Jameson's unfortunate exploit. Sir Wemyss Reid has put on record Mr. Fairfield's energetic repudiation of all knowledge in



THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR: THE SKIRMISH OF MONT ST. ELIAS, AT NAZAROS, ON THE MACEDONIAN FRONTIER.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

Our Artist has here sketched one of the points at which serious fighting between the Greek and Turkish forces began on April 16. Up to that date this position on the mountain heights near Nazaros

had remained unoccupied by either side, but a Turkish attempt to establish a force there led to a sharp conflict, in which the Greeks twice repulsed the Turks, but were eventually obliged to retreat.



HARD LUCK.

BY

W E NORRIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

"AND so my god-daughter is going to be married, is she?" said General Duberly, whose first visit, on his return to England, after a long period of foreign service, was paid to his old friend Mrs. Stevenson, in Bryanston Square.

"Yes," answered the faded and rather querulous-looking lady whom he addressed; "Kitty is going to be married. I can't pretend to like Mr. Chadwick, who is an elderly, vulgar widower, with a bald head and a red nose; still, when one has seven daughters, of whom five are spinsters, you know!—and he is very well off, and Kitty really seems to be fond of him."

The General pulled his moustache and looked grave. "H'm!—wasn't there something between her and young Blackett at one time?" he presently inquired.

"Oh, that's an old story—more than two years old. Besides, it was utterly out of the question. The young man hadn't a penny beyond what his father allowed him, which wasn't enough, I suppose; for he ran into debt and had to leave the Army. So then his people packed him off to the West Indies or South America or somewhere, and there was an end of him," Mrs. Stevenson comfortably concluded.

"And Kitty wasn't inconsolable, eh?"

"It is only in plays and novels that people are inconsolable. Oh, no! As far as I can judge she is quite satisfied with her Chadwick, who has no children, fortunately, and who, as I say, has plenty of money. It has been her own choice; I haven't brought any pressure to bear upon her."

If that assertion was not strictly true, it was as nearly so as could be reasonably expected of any mother with five unmarried daughters. Kitty Stevenson had neither kicked nor jibbed; she had told Mr. Chadwick that, although she was not in love with him (which it was manifestly impossible for her to be), she was willing to become his wife; and he had, in the most good-natured and accommodating manner, replied that that was all right. At his age, he had remarked, a wise man doesn't want to be bothered with sentiment. As, however, Kitty was a conscientious girl, it had subsequently occurred to her that she ought, perhaps, just to mention Harry Blackett to her future husband; and, as it happened, she was in the midst of discharging a somewhat distasteful duty in the dining-room at the moment when her godfather was being shown out of the front door.

The opulent, rubicund and eupeptic Chadwick hastened to assure her that it didn't matter a bit. "I am fifty-two years of age," he said, "and I don't mind telling you that I have been in love at least a score of times. That sort of thing leaves no marks; and I haven't the slightest doubt in my own mind that no man or woman ever marries his or her first love. At the same time," he judged it prudent to add, "I think that if this young fellow should turn up again—as he very likely will—you had better not encourage him to call upon you."

"I most sincerely hope," Kitty declared, "that he will never turn up again."

Such was, indeed, her very sincere hope. Harry had deserted her; he had left unanswered the letter in which she had given him to understand that she was ready to wait any number of years upon the chance of his making his fortune; he had doubtless had as many loves, or almost as many, as John Chadwick and other men; evidently, her only sensible course was to forget him and seek those material compensations which seem to be found adequate by the majority of other women.

So the wedding was solemnised a few weeks later, at a fashionable church, with every desirable accompaniment in the shape of music, millinery and floral decorations, and General Duberly, who was present on the occasion, felt that it would be a waste of good pity to compassionate the pale, self-possessed little bride. She was rather pretty, he thought, with her clear, white complexion and her big brown eyes, in which there was a vague suggestion of pathos; but she could not really be a nice girl, or she would never have been standing where she was: also there was no occasion to be sorry for that young scapegrace, Harry Blackett, who in all probability was well rid of her. However, he presented her with a grand piano in a beautiful inlaid case, being comparatively flush of money after so many years in India, and thinking that, after all, one ought to do the handsome thing by one's godchildren when they marry.

General Duberly was destined to do the handsome thing by this godchild of his after a fashion which he was far from contemplating on her wedding-day. She stood a good deal more in need—so the sequel proved—of friendship and sympathy than of that grand piano (which, indeed, was sold by auction at the time when business misfortunes compelled Mr. Chadwick to move from Lancaster Gate to a dreary little

abode in Maida Vale), and the General, who was an old bachelor with few intimate friends, was glad enough, during the years which followed, to bestow what he himself needed and, in return, received. For Kitty Chadwick's marriage did not turn out a conspicuous success. Luck, which had hitherto smiled upon her husband through life, deserted him almost immediately after his second matrimonial venture; he came back from the City every evening looking more gloomy than anybody had ever seen him before, and it was scarcely surprising that loss of good luck should have been accompanied by the loss of his habitual good temper. Nor, perhaps, was it very surprising, however unjust it may have been on his part, that he should trace some connection between the evil days which came upon him and the sad, pale little woman whose bewildered countenance seemed to express the reproach which her lips did not utter.

"Damn it all, Kitty!" he would explain, "everything has gone wrong with me since I married you! I wish to goodness——"

Generally he left his aspiration unfinished, but not always. He was a coarse fellow, and his wife provoked him much more by her silence and puzzled distress than she would have done by any display of shrewishness. Of course, he regretted the step he had taken, and equally of course so did she. Only she did not think that it would be right or kind to say so. She tried to do her duty; tried (ludicrously failing) to look cheerful when the crash came, and the Lancaster Gate establishment had to



Kitty, who had followed him out on to the landing, gently protested.

be broken up; tried, also, to keep house in Maida Vale upon three pounds a week, with results to Mr. Chadwick's digestion which could not be expected to mend any man's humour. But she never knew, and never inquired, what went on in the City, so that she was no sort of comfort to her harassed lord and master. She had two babies, both of whom died in infancy—"And a precious good thing too!" the despondent Chadwick declared. At the end of five years her mother was dead; her sisters, having married well, did not particularly care about being visited by her, and she would have been one of the most forlorn beings in London but for the old General, who

had fallen into the habit of taking tea with her on most afternoons of the week, and between whom and her there had grown up a discreet, tacit, mutual understanding. Their exchange of ideas was characterised by glaring reservations, but each knew pretty well by that time what the other was thinking, so that there was no need to be unconventionally explicit.

Sometimes Mr. Chadwick, having been deposited near his door by a passing omnibus (he had a vulgar and formerly wealthy man's loathing for public conveyances, and could not descend from one of them without longing to vent his angry humiliation upon somebody), would burst noisily in upon these quiet interviews, and then General Duberly made haste to depart. He always had a well-nigh irresistible desire to "take a running kick at the brute"—which, naturally, would have done no good at all.

If he remarked, as occasionally he could not help doing, that a man who swore in the presence of ladies—a *fortiori*, a man who swore at them—was a cad, Kitty at once took up the cudgels on John's behalf. "He has had such very hard luck, poor fellow!" she would plead.

It never seemed to occur to her that her own luck had been exceptionally bad. That was one of the many subjects which she and her godfather refrained from verbally broaching. Another was the swift and striking prosperity which Harry Blackett had won in the mercantile career which he had been sent out to Buenos Ayres to pursue. General Duberly casually alluded to it on one occasion, and Kitty, after saying that she was very glad, drew attention in a pointed manner to the rain or the fine weather.

"Quite right!" thought the General. "All the same, if it were to please Heaven to send that short-necked beast Chadwick an apoplexy, I should make so bold as to write a few lines to South America."

Mr. Chadwick—owing, it may be, to enforced abstinence—escaped the seizure for which his physique appeared to mark him out as a likely victim; but Harry Blackett returned to England, and Kitty, hurrying down Oxford Street to effect some modest purchases one morning, was so nearly knocked off the pavement by him that he could do no less than remove his hat and apologise. He did not at first recognise the melancholy little woman in the shabby jacket, but she knew him at once—as, indeed, why should she not, seeing that he was absolutely unaltered in appearance?—and when she raised her timid eyes to his, he exclaimed, "Good God! Kitty!" before he had time to recollect that that was by no means the sarcastic, contemptuous method of address which he had often rehearsed, in anticipation of his possible encounter with a wealthy lady who was wealthy only by reason of her cynical fastidiousness.

At the end of the five-and-twenty minutes, more or less, which followed, he had learned that she was neither faithless nor cynical nor even wealthy; while she, on her side, had been assured that Harry Blackett had neither intentionally deserted her nor ever ceased to love her. By that time they were seated on a bench in Hyde Park, which they had entered at the Marble Arch, and everything that seemed to stand in need of explanation had been explained. Perhaps it was some faint suspicion and hope that certain things might be found susceptible of explanation which had led one of these former lovers to propose and the other to agree to a short walk in the sunshine.

"Well, since your mother is dead," Harry was saying, "I suppose I ought to hold my tongue about her. But it was a dirty trick, all the same—a dirty, dishonourable trick!"

She liked to look at him; he was so young, so handsome, so exactly the same as of yore, with his broad shoulders, his short, curly fair hair, and the flush of anger upon his sunburnt cheeks. She did not even dislike to listen to the epithets which he proceeded to apply to the late Mrs. Stevenson, although she presently had to check and rebuke him.

"Mamma meant to do what was best," she gently remonstrated. "Her one wish always was to do the best that could be done for us all, and nobody could have foreseen that you were going to make your fortune at Buenos Ayres. Besides, weren't you—rather easily convinced? You had my letter, you know."

"Yes; and the same post brought me hers. Easily convinced! No, I didn't see then, and I don't see now, what there was to make me doubt that she was speaking the truth. It sounded so horribly like the truth that—well, I have kept the letter, which I will show you any day you like, and then, perhaps, you will be convinced. I was appealed to, as a gentleman, not to take advantage of your quixotic generosity; I was assured that, although you might have cared a little for me once, you already cared a good deal more for somebody else, and—"

"And you believed it!"

"I believed, anyhow, that you were willing to marry somebody else. Which, after all, was the fact."

"Because you never answered."

"It wasn't my fault. I'll be shot if it was my fault!" cried the young man vehemently. "As you said just now, nobody could foresee that I should make money, and, as your mother said at the time, I had no right to play dog in the manger. The worst of it—no, not quite the worst, perhaps, but a pretty bad part of it—is that you are not even happy with that impoverished old cad."

"Would it make you any happier to know that I was rich and happy?" Kitty asked.

To the credit of Harry Blackett's veracity it must be recorded that his reply was, "Upon my soul, I don't know!" He added presently, "It has been horribly hard luck, though, from first to last."

"Yes," agreed Kitty, sighing; "it has been hard luck both for you and for him. But it can't be helped now."

General Duberly, who was acquainted with young Blackett's people, and had heard of his arrival in London, judged it best to avoid reference to a possibly disturbing topic when Kitty poured his tea out for him that afternoon, while she, for her part, felt no inclination to talk about an interview which had concluded after a somewhat more emotional fashion than she could look back upon with complete self-approval. A second interview took place in Kensington Gardens a day or two later—the pretext for it being that Harry wished to exculpate himself by submitting that perfidious letter of Mrs. Stevenson's to her inspection. It really was a perfidious letter, and an irrepressible tear splashed down upon it from the tip of Kitty's nose while she read. If only the perfidy of it had been divined—as surely it might have been—by the recipient five weary years ago!

"But all this can't be helped now," Kitty repeated; "and, after all, it doesn't much matter. Not to you, at least; for you are still as young as ever, and of course you can't feel any longer as you did in those old days. I shouldn't for a moment expect it, and—and I don't at all wish it."

Harry declared that, whatever her wishes and expectations might be, the fact remained that he had not changed by a hair's breadth. He likewise declared that things could be, and ought to be, helped. He was going back to Buenos Ayres; it was for her to say whether he should go back alone. And then he went on to employ arguments which were not without effect upon her. All over the world, he said, and more especially in the Western Hemisphere, people were beginning to recognise that marriage must cease to be a synonym for slavery; nobody out there, she might depend upon it, would think any the worse of her for having obeyed the dictates of her heart and nature, and forsaken a husband who, by her own account, would be only too glad to get rid of her. Mr. Chadwick, no doubt, would at once sue for a divorce, so that her position could speedily be regularised, if that was what made her shake her head. And it was not as if she had any children: certainly, if she had had children, the case would have been different.

Kitty listened and wavered. That she should still love her first and only love was quite natural; but that he should continue to care for her, sallow, faded and shabby as she was conscious of having become, was as wonderful as it was delightful. She knew perfectly well that she was being urged to commit what must always be a sin, yet the circumstances were such as to deprive it of a good deal of its usual heinousness. John had been more than ordinarily trying that morning; he had cursed his breakfast, his luck, his life and his wife: could there really be any question that relief from one of these burdens would present itself to him in the light of an uncommonly good riddance? So she ended by saying that she could give no answer yet; but as she promised to meet Harry at the same spot on the morrow, he was perhaps justified in his exultant conclusion that an affirmative answer would not long be delayed.

All the more crushing was the disappointment which awaited him the next day, when he was sorrowfully but inexorably informed that Kitty had only come to bid him good-bye. What had happened during that brief interim to alter so profoundly, not her intentions alone, but her whole language and demeanour? Nothing very terrible; John Chadwick had been pronounced to be suffering from an incurable disease—that was all.

"He told me about it last night," Kitty explained. "He has felt it coming on for a long time, it seems, but he never complained; it is not his way to complain—about things of that sort. Only yesterday he thought he had better consult a specialist, and his worst fears were confirmed immediately."

Now, Harry Blackett was not more hard-hearted than another; but it could not, in conscience, be asked of him that he should sympathise with or deplore Mr. Chadwick's worst fears. His own hopes were a little too nearly concerned with the issue for that. Kitty, however, who may have guessed what he was thinking about, made haste to dash these to the ground.

"There is no immediate danger," she said quietly. "The doctor thinks that he may live a good many years yet—with care. Only, care he must have; and you will understand that I could not possibly leave him to be looked after, or very likely neglected, by a hired nurse."

Unfortunately, that was what Harry did not and could not understand. The colloquy which ensued was one which Kitty never afterwards liked to call to remembrance; for the truth is that her lover appeared to no conspicuous advantage therein. He was hurt and angry and even—absurd as it may seem—jealous; he accused her of caring more for humbug and dull, middle-class respectability than for anything or anybody else in the world; finally—finding that neither entreaties nor

upbraidings availed to shake her resolution—he flung away from her, saying—

"Have it your own way, then! As for me, I shall go straight back to South America and marry Rita. I didn't tell you about Rita, did I? She is a very handsome woman, and she has lots of money, and I should have engaged myself to her before I left Buenos Ayres if I hadn't been an ass. Good-bye, Kitty; I can only say I am glad I have found out in time how little you know of what love is."

She watched him striding away until his tall figure disappeared beyond the trees; he did not look back. Then she returned to Maida Vale and grim destiny. For a week or two afterwards she came down to breakfast every morning with a half-acknowledged hope, which was never fulfilled; but at length she resigned herself to the obvious fact that the post would bring her no written words of contrition from her discarded lover. It was, after all, just as well, she thought, that Harry should have lost patience with her—just as well that he should go away and marry Rita, whoever Rita might be.

Whether he carried out his proclaimed intentions in that respect or not; whether he left London forthwith or allowed himself an extended holiday, she did not hear. There was nobody to tell her; for she saw nobody, except General Duberly, and the General, as has been mentioned, was too sensible a man to broach subjects which might prove disquieting to his god-daughter. The condition of her husband's health was, in a conventional sense, disquieting, and he spoke of it gravely and sympathetically as being so; but of course he could not help hoping in his heart that the man would soon die and set her free.

The odd thing was that Kitty herself did not, to all appearance, share that hope. If, in days gone by, she had sometimes allowed it to be understood that John was a sore trial to her, she now abstained from any such hints; she became the most devoted, the most patient, the most cheerful of nurses. One would have said, to look at her, that she had no more ardent wish than to prolong the life of the snappish invalid who had never a word of thanks at her service. And, without doubt, she did prolong his life. By the doctor's advice, Mr. Chadwick did not at once retire from business; it was thought better that he should have something to occupy his mind, and not until nearly a year later was he forced to abandon that daily pilgrimage into the City which indeed had ceased to be in any way lucrative. Even then he was by no means moribund. Another year was to elapse—a year of incessant demands upon his wife's strength, temper and forbearance—before he finally took to his bed. He had a good deal of pain to endure towards the last, and, to do him bare justice, he endured it with dogged, stolid courage. But he displayed little gratitude to Kitty, whom he evidently looked upon as a poor sort of creature.

"You understand this nursing business," he remarked one day in General Duberly's hearing. "As far as I can make out, it's about the only thing you do understand. Well, there's no accounting for tastes! It isn't love of me that makes you sit up all the night through; I'm quite well aware of that."

"Ill-conditioned ruffian!" growled the General under his breath, after abruptly quitting the sick-room.

But Kitty, who had followed him out on to the landing and had overheard his ejaculation, gently protested. "Don't call him names," she pleaded; "what he says is perfectly true. It isn't because I love him that I am trying to be of some use to him; it's—well, I suppose it's because I don't. So you see!"

"I see that your whole life has been an undeserved and purposeless martyrdom, my dear!" cried the General, with tears in his eyes. "I see that you will kill yourself if this goes on much longer!"

"And if I do?" she returned, with a deprecating shrug of her shoulders.

However, it did not go on much longer, and Kitty did not kill herself. What chance there was of her being able to support life upon the extremely small sum which was found to represent Mr. Chadwick's personal estate after his decease was another question. General Duberly was very anxious that she should set up house with him in his declining years; but her sisters, somewhat ridiculously perhaps, were of opinion that this would be scarcely proper, and opposed the project. Between them, they grudgingly subscribed an annual amount sufficient for her maintenance in the Maida Vale house, which she was fain, after some demur, to accept. The arrangement, they were glad to think, would only be a temporary one, since the General was known to have made a will bequeathing his modest fortune to his god-daughter.

Kitty had not long been a widow when she was informed of Harry Blackett's marriage to the only daughter of an opulent Argentine banker. It was General Duberly who thought fit to make casual mention of a circumstance which did not upset her outward equanimity. If she afterwards shed some tears in private, she assured herself that they were not tears of regret. She knew, upon the best authority, that the banker's daughter was handsome; it was much better for Harry to be thus respectably allied than to be hampered in his career by a scandalous *liaison* which his generosity and somebody else's selfishness had for a moment brought within the range of probable events. She hoped with all her heart that he would be very happy.

For herself she could not anticipate anything with so ambitious a designation as happiness. Her existence was about as dull, as objectless and as hopeless as that of any human being could well be; yet she made the best of it, created trifling interests for herself, and was not, upon the whole, discontented. The General had some hopes of her taking a second and more congenial husband; though where such a person was to come from it was difficult to see, for she had scarcely any acquaintances, nor did anybody but himself ever think of calling upon her.

At length, however—lapse of time had by then justified her in discarding her unbecoming weeds and donning an inexpensive costume of sober grey—a visitor who was not General Duberly actually did ring the door-bell and ask for Mrs. Chadwick.

"It's a gentleman to see you, mum," the startled parlour-maid announced, so thrown off her balance by this astounding event that she left the gentleman standing in the hall while she fled to the drawing-room for instructions. "What am I to do with him, please?"

Kitty placidly presumed that the only thing to be done with him was to show him in; so in he came, apologising somewhat confusedly for his intrusion. He was in London for the season with—his wife; he had heard her address, and had hoped she would not mind being looked up by an old friend.

"I am very glad indeed to see you, Mr. Blackett," Kitty answered quite composedly. "Won't you sit down?"

He had altered considerably in appearance, and not for the better. His spare figure and his fresh complexion were things of the past; his manner, too, while he sat talking common-places (for nothing could have been more decorous and uninteresting than the conversation which ensued between these former lovers), seemed to have suffered some undefinable deterioration. He looked almost aggressively prosperous, but he did not look at all happy. Indeed, when he rose to take his leave at the end of a quarter of an hour, he gave that much to be understood.

"Well," he remarked, with a rather bitter little laugh, "time has revenged itself upon us both."

"I don't think I mind growing old," said Kitty.

"You won't begin to grow old for many years to come; I didn't mean that. I meant that we are both punished for having let our chance of happiness slip when we might have seized it. You pretend to be satisfied; but one can't really be satisfied with poverty—nor always with riches either. Well, there's no use in talking about it. May I come and see you every now and then? I don't offer to bring my wife; you wouldn't like her."

Mrs. Blackett, as Kitty subsequently learned, was not a person who was generally liked. She was, in short, a jealous termagant, and she made her husband's life a burden to him, while she alternately petted and slapped her two children. She had, however, no reason to be jealous of Mrs. Chadwick, nor is it likely that she would have disapproved of Harry's frequent visits to Maida Vale, had she been informed of them. She knew his tastes too well to be in any fear of proper, dowdy little women. But General Duberly, who did rather disapprove of the said visits, ended by remonstrating.

"Why do you encourage that fellow to come here?" he asked. "He isn't a good fellow. I doubt whether he ever was; and you can see for yourself what he has become. He drinks, you know."

Kitty made a sorrowful sign of assent. "But whatever he is, and whatever he does, there are great excuses for him. He has had such very hard luck!"

"So he tells you, no doubt; and so you used to say about John Chadwick. I confess I don't see it myself. It seems to me——"

But Kitty raised her hand in deprecation. "Please don't!" she begged. "I can't help feeling as if it had

assume the functions of nurse—Mrs. Blackett's duty to her child, not to mention herself, compelling her to vacate the premises forthwith. This undertaking also was crowned with success; for the child made a speedy and complete recovery. But poor little Mrs. Chadwick contracted the disease, and being of a weakly constitution, succumbed to it in a few days.

Mrs. Blackett wept stormily on hearing of a catastrophe which broke old General Duberly's heart (though, as Kitty's sisters pertinently remarked, there was not much use in his dying of a broken heart now that his money was no longer wanted). As for Harry, he tore his hair and

stamped and threatened to hang himself—a threat which he did not carry out. He said it was hard luck—cursed hard luck!—the luck which had attended him and her from first to last!

But it may be surmised that Kitty herself did not take quite that view of her release from a sorrowful world.

THE END.

"The Log of the *Mayflower*," that precious record of the earliest upbuilding of the New English nation of which the history, or rather, the curious lack of history, was recently traced in these columns, was formally surrendered by the Bishop of London to Mr. Bayard, the outgoing American Ambassador, on Thursday in last week, in accordance with the decree of the Consistory Court of the Diocese of London. This interesting ceremony was accomplished in Bishop Creighton's house in St. James's Square, in the presence of less than two score witnesses. The historical and international importance of the occasion, however, lent considerable dignity to the proceedings. Dr. Creighton made a graceful speech, which took particular interest from the importance of the speaker's own position as an historical writer: for over and above the question of international courtesy, Dr. Creighton insisted upon the propriety of the surrender of so valuable a document to the people whom it primarily concerned. Mr. Bayard, in his response, said that no more grateful task could have been entrusted to him on his retirement from his Ambassadorial duties in this country, than that of conveying back to

his countrymen a memorial of their early history of which they had long desired to repossess themselves. According to the legal declaration of Dr. Tristram, the Chancellor of London, "The Log of the *Mayflower*" is handed over to the Governor and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on the distinct understanding that any British subject who so desires may have access to the volume under such conditions as may be thought right and fitting.

For the forthcoming election to fill the post on the London County Council rendered vacant by the death of Sir Walter de Souza, the Conservatives have nominated Mr. L. H. Hayter, Chairman of the Law and Parliamentary Committee of the Westminster Vestry. Mr. Hayter, it may be remembered, was the candidate for Bow and Bromley two years ago, and though unsuccessful on that occasion, he brought the Radical majority down from 2086 to 447.



He could do no less than remove his hat and apologise.

been all my fault; and if it is any comfort to him to come here sometimes and tell me how hard his luck has been, why shouldn't he? That can't do either of us any harm now."

So the General reluctantly withdrew his opposition, and Harry Blackett continued to enjoy such comfort as was obtainable in the manner alluded to. He never spoke of love—he had perhaps forgotten the meaning of the term which he had once accused Kitty of inability to understand—but he said she was the only real friend he had in the world, and he never wearied of pouring the recital of his grievances into her patient, sympathetic ear. Eventually she was made acquainted with his wife, a big, coarse, black-browed woman, by whom she was not ill received; and from that moment she devoted herself, with some measure of success, to the task of reconciling a jarring pair.

When one of the children fell ill with diphtheria, it was Kitty who, at her own earnest request, was permitted to



THE QUEEN'S RETURN FROM THE RIVIERA: THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," WITH HER MAJESTY ON BOARD, LEAVING CHERBOURG.



THE INDIAN FAMINE: TANK-DIGGING RELIEF WORKS.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Sheppard, Calcutta, supplied to us by Mr. J. D. Rees, Additional Member of the Viceroy of India's Council.



THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: MOUNT OLYMPUS VIEWED FROM SALONICA.

FROM A SKETCH BY THE REV. W. C. BOURCHIER, R.M.S. "HOOD."

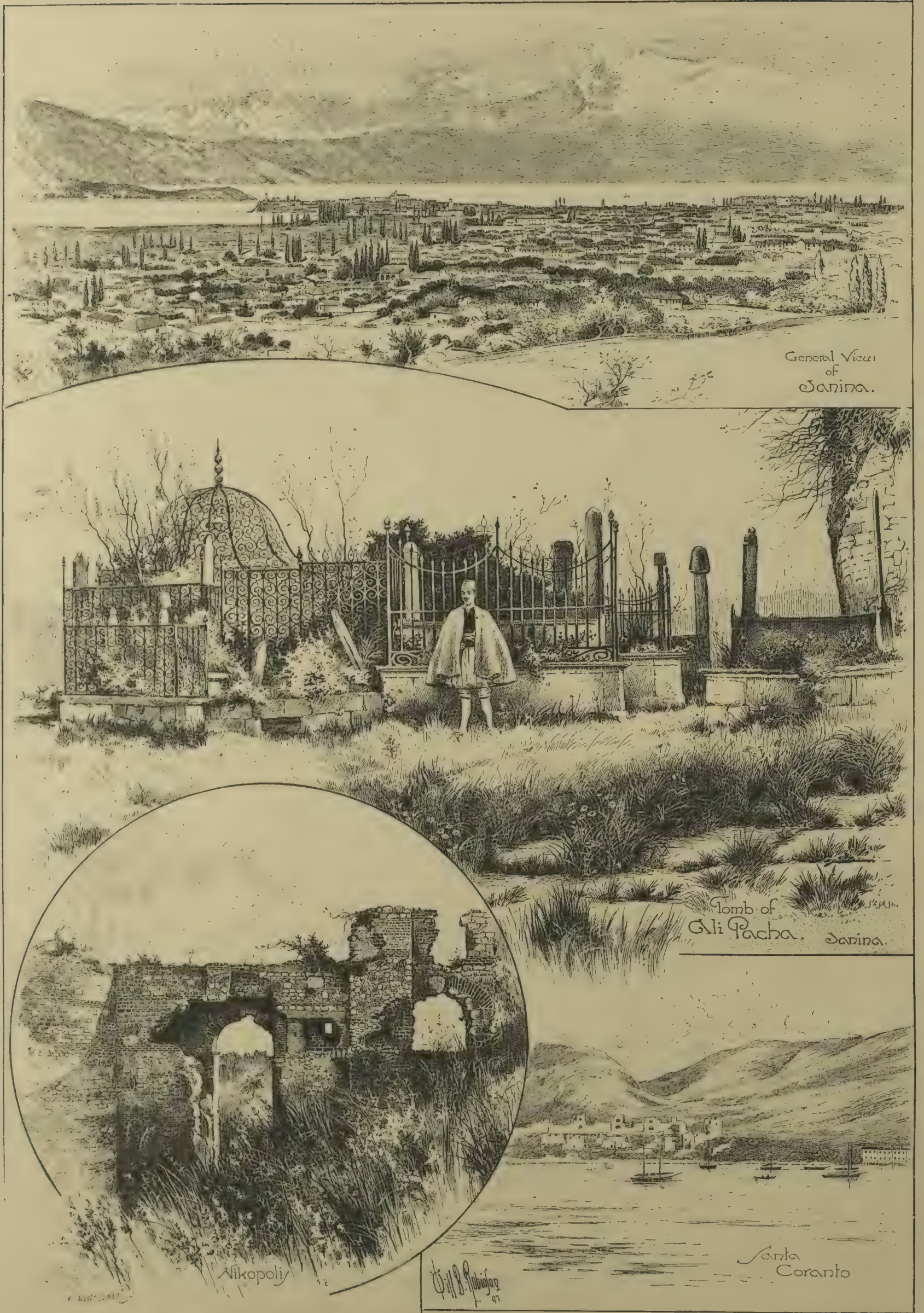
Mount Olympus is a passive spectator of the struggles now taking place within full view of its base, and the echoes of the heavy guns at Platamona, Nezero, Milouna Pass, and even Turnavo, can distinctly be heard from its heights. The lighthouse on the left of the picture is surrounded by the torpedo stores, by whose help the Turks hope to block the Gulf of Salónica against the Greeks.



THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: OLD VOLO.

FROM A SKETCH BY THE REV. W. C. BOURCHIER, R.M.S. "HOOD."

When Thessaly was finally ceded to Greece, most of the Turks withdrew and sold their lands and houses to Greek occupants. The latter speak of unsettled days—their only habitable part being the top story, the lower portion in most cases serving as a mere storehouse plentifully loopholed for defence. In the older streets the usual Turkish pavement, with its clumsy, irregular blocks of stone, still remains.



THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: VIEWS IN JANINA.

From Photographs by Mr. O. F. Waterfield.



THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: GENERAL VIEW OF THE BATTLE OF MATI.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. C. SEPPING WRIGHT.

Early on the morning of April 3 the Turks opened their attack on the Greek position at Mati on the plain at the foot of Mount Olympus. The right wing of the Greek army consisted of eight thousand men, under Colonel Macromichalis; and the left of five thousand men, under Colonel Marlempas. Six batteries of artillery, with thirty-six guns, extended from Mati to the neighbouring village of Deller, and the cavalry brigade mustered five squadrons. The Turkish force numbered nine thousand infantry and three squadrons of cavalry, with twenty-two guns. The artillery duel between the two forces lasted throughout the day, but shortly before sunset the Turkish cavalry broke the Greek lines, and after a hurried council of war, at which the Crown Prince presided, the Greeks fell back towards Turnovo. The Crown Prince and Prince Nicholas were both in the thick of the fight.

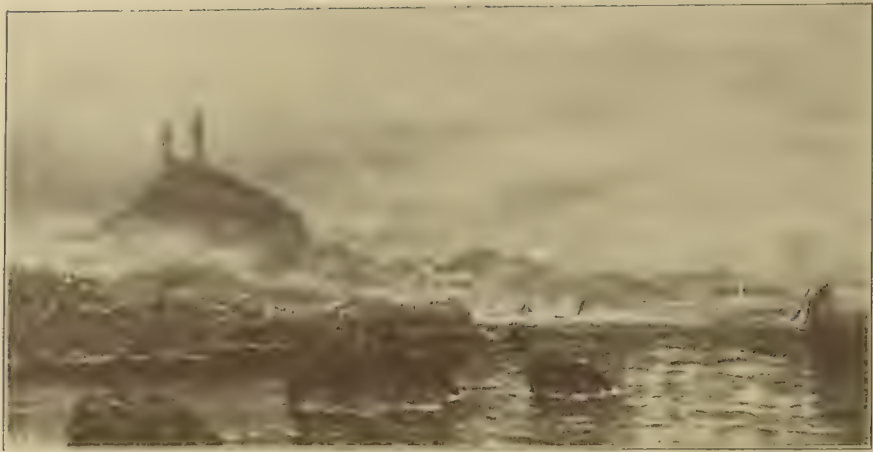
PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY

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THE MESSAGE.—SIR E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.



CASTEL MOEL, ISLE OF SKYE.—JOHN BRETT, A.R.A.



"FLOW'RY MAY."—H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.



A DREAM-PRINCESS.—MRS. STANHOPE FORBES.



A CORNER OF OLD ENGLAND.—C. E. JOHNSON.



THE CROW-BOY.—EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.



BOULTER'S LOCK, SUNDAY AFTERNOON.—E. J. GREGORY, A.R.A.



MISS DOROTHEA BOWMAN.—HENRY T. WELLS, R.A.



THE HON. SIR SPENCER PONSONBY-FANE, K.C.B.
W. W. OULESS, R.A.
Painted for the Marylebone Cricket Club.



RUTH.—P. H. CALDERON, R.A.



THE PLOUGHMAN AND THE SHEPHERDESS: TIME OF EVENING PRAYER.—FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence.—BYRON.



BARRY DOCKS.—W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.



THE POOL IN THE WOOD, HELMSDALE.—COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.



ACROSS THE STREAM.—STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.



DOROTHY ELEANOR, DAUGHTER OF MR. J. D. K. MACCALLUM.
G. F. WATTS, R.A.



TRANQUILLITY.—T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.



AFTER MIDNIGHT MASS, FIFTEENTH CENTURY.—GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R.A.



MRS. KENNETH MACKENZIE.—JAMES SANT, R.A.



DAME ALICE OWEN (A.D. 1547-1613), FOUNDESS OF OWEN'S SCHOOL, ISLINGTON.—GEORGE F. FRAMPTON, A.R.A.

Bronze and Marble Statue for Entrance-Hall to the School.



THE BUILDER'S DAUGHTER.—P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.



A SUMMER'S AFTERNOON.—T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.



RETURN TO THE FARM: MILKING-TIME.—T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.



JULIET ON THE BALCONY.—W. P. FRITH, R.A.



THE ANSWER.—P. H. CALDERON, R.A.



THE DAY OF REST.—G. D. LESLIE, R.A.



THE WINDING MEDWAY.—W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.



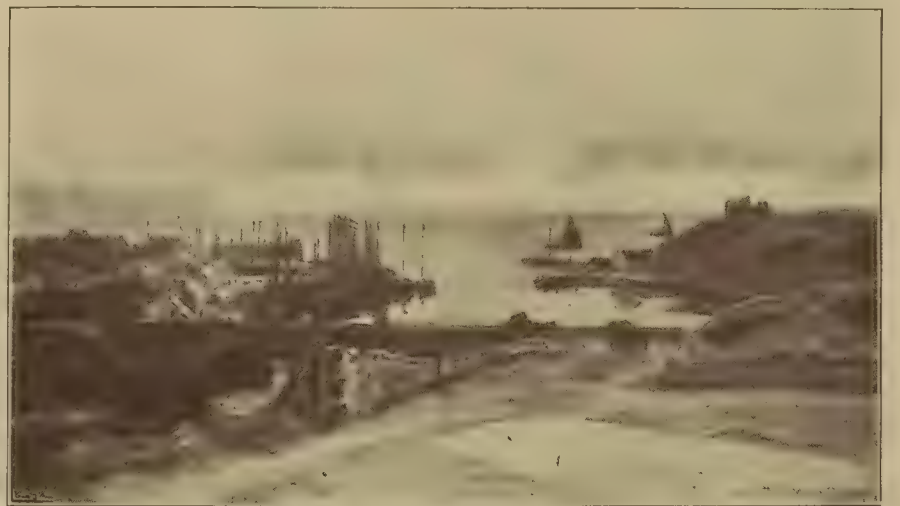
TRIAL FOR BIGAMY.—EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.



CANTUS EVANGELII.—A. CHEVALLIER TAYLER.



ISABELLA.—HENRIETTA RAE (MRS. E. NORMAND.)



HELMSDALE.—COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.



AUTUMN FLOODS.—E. A. WATERLOW, A.R.A.



HAMPSTEAD'S HAPPY HEATH.—DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.



HAMPSTEAD, FROM THE VIADUCT.—DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.



A RED ROOM IN HOLLAND.—STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.



A MOTHERS' MEETING IN THE COUNTRY.—J. B. BURGESS, R.A.



BANKS OF THE UPPER WYE.—H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.



OUT OF HARNESS.—MARK FISHER.



OVER THE BRAE OF BALQUHODDER.—T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.



MISSION TO DEEP-SEA FISHERMEN.—EDWIN HAYES.



ALPINE MEADOWS.—JOHN MACWHIRTER, R.A.



GATHERING STICKS.—J. SANDERSON WELLS.



CHRISTMAS EVE.—STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.



A TRANQUIL STREAM.—E. WATERLOW, A.R.A.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

FIRST NOTICE.

There is no question more useless to discuss than that implied in the distinction between a good and a bad Academy. Considering the diversities of individual taste, the quality of the pictures is of even less importance, in view of popularity, than their variety. Moreover, we are prepared to go further, and to assert that the main object of the annual exhibition at Burlington House is to show, with as much exactitude as possible, the actual condition of contemporary art, and not merely to hang the best pictures of a particular school. A council, therefore, which contains artists so divergent in their aims as Sir E. Poynter and Mr. John S. Sargent, and a body which, while retaining Mr. Sidney Cooper and Mr. Goodall, has also recently admitted Mr. Shannon, Mr. Swan, and Mr. Abbey, may be fairly trusted to give some glimpse of the struggle which is now going on between the painters who rank themselves as followers of either the old or the new masters. It is because this year's exhibition does in a measure reflect the present chaotic condition of art that it is interesting notwithstanding the rareness of important works.

The large number of portraits at Burlington House, the decline in the anecdotal or story-telling pictures (accompanied so far by no compensating imaginative work), a general smartness of brush-work, and the unwonted hospitality accorded to foreign artists, are the most distinguishing features. Very few of the older favourites sustain their reputation—many of them imperil it—and only a few aspirants seem to put their full powers to the test. The sons of Academicians—notably, Mr. C. Orchardson and the two Messrs. Onslow Ford, give promise of following successfully in the footsteps of their parents, and Miss Davis's name should also be added for the benefit of students of heredity. Landscape work has been pursued with more zeal than discretion by several artists who have still to obtain a hold upon the public, while others who have already risen to a certain eminence seem anxious to retain their position by painting mere replicas of their earlier work. The ladies, who formerly dominated only in the Water-Colour Room, but have of late years invaded the other galleries, this year show in great force in the Sculpture Gallery, which is rendered more than usually attractive, not by increased excellence of work, but by the method of its arrangement.

Amongst the eleven hundred oil paintings which are offered for inspection and criticism, at least a score are of high merit. Foremost among these are Mr. John Sargent's portraits of the Hon. Laura Lister (605), an Infanta in the true Velasquez style—absolutely child-like, yet fully self-possessed—and the group of Mrs. Carl Mayer and her children (291), in which he has so thrown all his power of vivacious portraiture that we pardon the incline on which his figures are supposed to rest. Scarcely inferior to these is Mr. Napier Hemy's "Pilchards" (204), a marvellously fine study in silver and gold, the mass of iridescent fish forming as striking a contrast to the rich tones of the setting sun as is the calm of the evening with the busy hands of the fishermen gathering together their spoils. Such a picture as this places Mr. Napier Hemy upon a dangerous pinnacle, for, having risen so high, it will be unpardonable for him to content himself with inferior work. Mr. Abbey's "Hamlet" (477) may not satisfy those who hold that his "Richard III." of last year gave the cue his art should take. In this year's picture he frankly breaks away from all traditions of "Hamlet" of the stage, and aims at reproducing the scene as it might have occurred in the old palace of Elsinore. The play-scene has been selected, and Ophelia, a typical Norse maiden, instead of having her place near the Queen, is seated on the ground beside Hamlet, who holds her hand before his eyes as he watches the guilty couple. There is a sense of barbaric magnificence about the bright dresses of the king and courtiers, and a general suggestion of the rough Scandinavian life of the time, more in consonance with probability than any of the stage settings of the drama. Mr. H. La Thangue's "Travelling Harvesters" (439) is another of the first-rate pictures of the year, full of bright sunlight and true in its homage to labour. Mr. George Clausen's "The Mother" (582) is a somewhat more pathetic side of lowly life drawn with excellent taste, and, if one could only know whence the light came, with charming colour. Mr. Davis's "Flowry May" (240), to which the place of honour is assigned in the large gallery, is brighter than, but scarcely so successful or original as, his "Banks of the Upper Wye" (602), where he has managed to forget himself for a time—a task which many artists find impossible and unremunerative. The Hon. J. Collier, after some years' eclipse, comes out very strong in "The Whist-Players" (992), painted in a thorough and masterly style—with a skilful management of the light worthy of the old Dutch masters. The faces are all good, especially that of the third player, seen in profile; but one wonders why he should place his tricks among his counters and seem to wish to finesse in his partner's suit. Mr. Joseph Farquharson, another candidate for the Associateship, shows his admirable skill in painting snow, of which he knows how to catch the complicated tones and tints near the close of "The Shortening Winter Day" (69). Mr. W. Q. Orchardson's "Rivalry" (227) is the old story painted in his now somewhat hackneyed style: a sprightly lady of the Madame Récamier type gracefully holds at bay three gentlemen in Empire costume. Beyond the fact that the costumes and carpet and hangings are all a little faded, there is nothing in the picture that Mr. Orchardson has not achieved before. Mr. H. J. Draper, however, still enjoys the eagerness of youth, and is constantly setting himself fresh problems, none of which is better solved than the painting of the deep blue sea around "Calypso's Isle" (39), while in his "Potpourri" (505) he shows how to use other colours effectively. Mr. G. Spencer Watson, who suddenly sprang into notice last year, maintains his position not as a painter of portraits only, but as one of the few younger men competent to deal with "Fantasy" (116) in a thoroughly classical spirit.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"It is a bad policy to swap horses while you are crossing a stream," said Abraham Lincoln. Divested of metaphor, the sentence meant that a country ought not to change her Government after a serious defeat on the battlefield. The advice has never been taken seriously by the Latin races. After Novara, Charles Albert abdicated in favour of his son. The act is represented by historians as a voluntary one; it would not be difficult to prove that, if the father of Victor Emmanuel had not taken the initiative, he would have probably endangered the succession of his son without in the least preventing his own downfall.

The reverses of the French army in 1870, crowned as they were by the stupendous disaster of Sedan, brought about the fall of the Napoleonic dynasty. It may be argued that the Emperor was a prisoner. The argument would not hold water for a moment from the particular point of view I have in my mind's eye, considering that Francis I. was equally a prisoner after Pavia, and was allowed to resume his sway at his return; while Napoleon I. both in 1814 and 1815 was practically free. Yet in the first-mentioned year he abdicated lest he should be "deposed," and after Waterloo he virtually ran away from the French, foreseeing that worse than life-long incarceration might be meted out to him at their hands. Several years before that he had a presentiment of their temper in that respect when he wrote to Francis II. of Austria, who became his father-in-law, "Whatever may happen to you, you will be Emperor; one series of defeats will make an end of me as Napoleon." He not only gauged the difference between the spirit of the French of the sixteenth century and those of his own time, but also that between the latter and other nations.

It needed no great penetration on his part to do this. He had observed both the Austrians and the Germans, and notably the Prussians, in the hour of their national adversity, and learnt that such calamities as Austerlitz and Jena were not avenged by them on their rulers. His nephew was enabled to note similar facts. The crown of Francis Joseph was not endangered for a moment either after Solferino or Sadowa; the newly founded dynasty of the Sonderburg-Glücksburgs was not threatened by the Danes after Düppel. King William I. of the Netherlands had to abdicate not because he had failed to preserve Belgium to Holland, but because his private character was distasteful to the nation.

Napoleon III. knew all this, but it was reserved for his arch-enemy to have it plainly pointed out to him. I am alluding to Adolphe Thiers. During his memorable journey to the various Courts of Europe in the winter of 1870, his only interlocutor who minced words in that respect was Lord Granville; but even he gave him to understand inferentially the folly France had committed "in swopping Governments while traversing so terrible a crisis." Alexander II. was more outspoken. "What a strange nation you are!" he said. "You gird against defeat. Look at Russia. She submitted to her reverses at Sebastopol, and she is none the worse for them this day." "How can I intervene at this moment?" remarked Francis Joseph. "France has just overthrown her Government. If Austria had overthrown me after Solferino or after Sadowa, do you think she would be in the position in which she is at present?"

The lesson was lost upon the French. After Lang-Son, Ferry had to retire into obscurity for many years; and on the day of the resignation of his Cabinet it was seriously contemplated by the mob on the Quai d'Orsay to fetch him out of the Palais Bourbon and to give him a ducking in the Seine. I am not inventing; my letter to the *Globe*, despatched that same night, is there to prove the fact.

The Greeks of to-day have more affinity with the Latins than with the Anglo-Saxon or Scandinavian races, and if all I hear be true, King George's throne is not worth a fortnight's purchase unless his army retrieves by at least one victory the series of not very surprising defeats inflicted upon it. Nay, those who are best informed do not hesitate to say that the conclusion of "a peace" will not mend matters, and that his throne is doomed anyhow, whether the European Powers interfere or not. It may well be doubted whether the European Powers will interfere in the purely home affairs of the Greeks, any more than they would have interfered last year in those of Italy if, as it seemed possible for forty-eight hours, the Italians had taken into their heads to resent upon the House of Savoy the defeat inflicted upon their troops by those of King Menelik. Yet neither the son of Victor Emmanuel nor the son of Christian IX. is responsible for the wars that led to those defeats. They are constitutional Sovereigns, and if ever the hands of constitutional Sovereigns were forced, it is assuredly in both these cases. It matters little enough that King Humbert yielded to his Prime Minister, Crispi, and not to popular clamour, and it matters equally little that King George and Delyannis yielded to what we choose to call "patriotic sentiment." Neither of these had any choice. The fact remains that there are certain nations who accept defeat with dignity, and that there are others who increase the burden of their defeat by senseless agitation which makes them a byword to the world at large. "We will try again," is the motto of the first; "We have been betrayed," the motto of the others. "There are no bad regiments, there are only bad Colonels," said Napoleon. The first change their Colonels, and finally produce a Blücher and a Moltke; the others change the whole of their military system and produce Boulangers.

A graceful tribute was paid to the memory of the late Prince Consort on May Day. That date being the anniversary of the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851, of which Prince Albert was the chief promoter, a number of wreaths were placed around the foot of the Albert Memorial by persons who still hold the Prince's memory in tender regard.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, who has already attained to some success with one or two novels, will shortly publish through Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. "A Man of the Moors." The scene of "A Man of the Moors" is laid at Haworth in Yorkshire. In Mr. Sutcliffe's story the Brontës are not introduced into that moorland village which they have made so famous. This is not, it may be remembered, the first time that Haworth has been depicted in fiction, one of the most striking passages in Mrs. Humphry Ward's "David Grieve" having been a description of what one may now call "Brontë-land."

Mr. John Murray has just issued a pamphlet upon his guide-books, which is practically a defence by his grandfather of the Murray "Handbooks for Travellers" against the rival claims of Baedeker. It is pointed out that when Baedeker's first handbook appeared in 1839, he acknowledged his indebtedness to one of Murray's guides. John Murray tells, in passing, of a visit to Weimar, where "I had the honour of presenting to Goethe the manuscript of Byron's unpublished dedication of 'Werner' to him." No one in this country has ever failed to recognise Murray's claim as to the superior antiquity of his guide-books. The only complaint ever made against them was that they were antique. It is usually held by travellers that Baedeker's guides are more comprehensive as concerns hotel information, and that Murray's are more interesting as concerns historical and literary matters. A wise traveller carries both books with him.

Something has been said lately about the absence of a political weekly of high literary character on the Liberal side. Should such a journal appear, I venture to suggest that it can be made to pay at a penny. We have had almost enough of the political weeklies at higher prices. The *Spectator*, indeed, is as interesting as ever, and its able defence of the Greek position in the present crisis should satisfy the most ardent. The article on "The Duty of Sympathy with Freedom" should be read wherever Englishmen love to remember that their land is the Mother of Parliaments. The *Saturday Review* can never be other than entertaining while it is edited by Mr. Frank Harris and "G. B. S." remains a contributor. But the *New Saturday* solemnly announces, that it has changed its day of publication, and one does not really see any excuse for its existence. As to the *National Observer* and *British Review*, one wonders how two well edited and interesting papers can have grown so dull by combination. To assume that the public will continue to pay threepence and sixpence for a collection of articles and reviews without a very dominant personality behind them, is to ignore the cheapening of paper and the arrival of process engraving.

Rumour has it that Mrs. Meynell is preparing an anthology of English poetry. Rumour further reports, doubtless falsely, that Mrs. Meynell has determined to omit Gray's "Elegy" on account of its mediocrity; and that she will barely recognise the claims of Burns and Shelley. Mrs. Meynell is a very gifted critic, and a book even with these curious vagaries would have a certain interest for many of her friends. To the public at large, however, a collection of this kind would appear ludicrous, and it would be generally dismissed with derision. Shelley's place in poetry is as unassailable as Shakspeare's. Burns's originality and fire will outlive the so-called "discoveries" of unsympathetic critics. As for Gray's "Elegy," it has stood the test of time, and has placed its author among the immortals. Mediocre poetry has survived as part of the minor work of a great man, but no poetry that was mediocre has ever held its own and stood alone for so many generations as Gray's "Elegy" has done. We know Gray as the author of the "Elegy," and, in spite of the four volumes which we have of his works, there are few who care for him in any other capacity. "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec" is in effect what all the world thinks and will continue to think of this beautiful poem.

The announcement that the Clarendon Press are shortly to issue two volumes of Johnson "Miscellanies" will give abundant pleasure to every Boswell enthusiast. To the ordinary busy man, Boswell as he stands, unembellished, is sufficient of Johnson, and Dr. Birkbeck Hill gives him more than enough when he provides such a multiplicity of notes to the great biography. To the Boswell enthusiast, however, there cannot be too much annotation, and we have been glad to add to Boswell's Life the collection of Johnson's letters. Now we shall welcome the "Miscellanies," which, I imagine, will include all the Mrs. Thrale matter which collectors possess in other forms.

By-the-way, every Johnsonian should go and see the little play entitled "Dr. Johnson," which is now being performed by Mr. Arthur Boucher's company at the Strand Theatre. I am afraid the play does not possess very great dramatic power. The incident of Mrs. Boswell's relations to her husband are not, I believe, based upon fact; but there is a splendid sprinkling of Dr. Johnson's pithy speeches scattered through the play. The Doctor himself talks in exactly the tone of Mr. Augustine Birrell, who, as an ex-prior of the Johnson Club and a Boswell editor, will doubtless be proud of the coincidence.

The volumes entitled "The Inner Life of the House of Commons," by the late Mr. William White, which Mr. Fisher Unwin has just published, are a valuable contribution to modern English history. Mr. White was door-keeper to the House of Commons from 1854, and he contributed a series of descriptive sketches of people and things to the *Illustrated Times* from 1855 till 1871, which are here collected. His son, Mr. William Hale White, provides a brief biographical introduction. Mr. Hale White, it may be mentioned, although now principally known as the author of some of the finest books of our day—"Mark Rutherford," in particular—has himself had considerable experience of the House of Commons. He was for some time the London correspondent of the *Norfolk News*, a post in which he was succeeded by Mr. Massingham, now the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*. C. K. S.

TWO SHORE BIRDS.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

Few things are more unexpected in nature than the strange and apparently capricious way in which aberrant members of one family or class take now and then to earning a livelihood on the happy hunting-grounds reserved for another. Some slight indication of the slow and tentative stages by which this interchange takes place may often be seen on seaside banks in the mutual relations of gulls and rooks. Often in frosty weather you will observe on the foreshore a party of gulls feeding amicably on mussels and marine refuse; while in and out among them stray rooks strut about, with sapient heads held cautiously on one side, pecking away at such fragments of food as they can find among the tangle, but always with one eye fixed sideways on the gulls, whom they recognise as the natural lords and masters of the situation. Occasionally, some small cause to dispute over a sand-eel or a mussel-bed arises by chance between the high contracting parties; and forthwith the gulls, accepting it with spirit as a *casus belli*, turn in a body and drive the intruders back to the pastures and cornfields. On the other hand, a little way off, especially in the spring, you may see in a ploughed croft the gulls in return occupied in trespassing on the rooks' worm-preserves; and here, if the rooks take umbrage and wage war upon the invaders, it is always with the land force that victory remains in the long run. Thus these two species, each dominant in its own field, each courageous and pugnacious, suffer to some slight extent the intrusion of the other upon their chosen domain, but make common cause against the alien host when it threatens their supremacy.

In other cases, however, we get well-marked evidence of similar aggression which has succeeded in making itself permanently victorious. One can hardly imagine, for example, a class of birds more purely terrestrial in build less apparently adapted for a sea-side existence than the group of larks. Yet there is one member of this eminently land-loving family which has made good its claim to a share of our beaches. The bird in question is the northern shore-lark, belonging to the minor sub-Arctic group, known as the Horned Larks. It is a frequent spring and autumn visitor to England, where it forms a familiar figure in the Eastern Counties. The Horned Larks, as a group, are peculiar Siberian and North American birds, distinguished from the rest of their race by two tufts of feathers, the so-called horns, on either side of the crown, as decorative adjuncts. Accustomed to the moss-wastes and sandy tracts of the great continents, from the tundra of Siberia to the Algerian and Mongolian desert, the shore-lark finds it easy enough to turn from the creeping things of the morasses to the crustaceans of the seaside, and from the sand of the desert to the banks of the estuaries. So the British shore-lark—if one may call it British on the strength of its occasional winter visits: for it breeds in the far North beyond the limit of trees—has taken regularly to feeding in small groups on the fore-shore, where it picks up a precarious livelihood on small crabs and sand-hoppers, not wholly unsupplemented by the buds of plants and stray worms or molluscs. In May, it goes north to its barren peat-bogs, and maintains itself on the short summer crop of insects in the arctic June while the midnight sun shines; in autumn it changes its diet in Norway or Finland, with charming impartiality, to seeds and berries. One way or another it thus manages to pick up a vagabond living the whole year round. In England, where it is strictly a shore-bird, not venturing to intrude upon the territorial domain of its skylark cousins, it sings on the ground only; but according to Mr. Seebohm, who has observed it in its northern breeding places—when the joy of the courting season, combined with the usual abundance of food which is its necessary concomitant, has filled its soul with melody—it mounts into the air with the buoyancy of a skylark, and sings with spirit to its mate and its rivals.

Not quite so curiously aberrant in its divergence from the familiar habits of its race is that somewhat commoner British bird, the oyster-catcher, which frequents our shores in autumn, on its southward migration. This strange creature is by family a plover; and plovers in the mass are essentially waders, though many of them, like the lapwings and the grey plovers, are tolerably terrestrial in their acquired habits. Others of the group, however, like the ringed plover and the turnstone, have taken to a regular seaside life; while the oyster-catcher, at least, is so completely marine that one seldom sees him at any distance inland. He is a great eater of mussels, and no doubt (when he can get them) of oysters also, though, in the present closely guarded condition of British

oyster-beds, he seldom has a chance of gratifying his taste for the more expensive mollusc in these too-civilised islands. His seafaring habits have even affected his structure, for while other plovers have the toes quite separate, in the oyster-catcher they are narrowly united at the base by a

slight membrane, which forms a distinct approach to the type of foot so common among the wildfowl of the goose and duck order. Naturally, therefore, the oyster-catcher is a swimmer, and we may conjecture that his webbed feet are in part the result, in part the cause, of his swimming propensities. He is a large and handsome bird, with pure black-and-white plumage, orange bill, a crimson iris, and purplish-red legs which add greatly to his beauty. His



CHÂTEAU MALET, MONACO.

THE RESIDENCE OF SIR EDWARD MALET, VISITED BY THE QUEEN ON APRIL 20.

CHÂTEAU MALET. Château Malet, the residence of the Right Hon. Sir Edward and Lady Ermyntre Malet, which was visited by the Queen before the close of her Majesty's sojourn in the Riviera, is beautifully situated on an eminence above La Turbie-sur-Mer, and dominates views stretching to Bordighera on the east and the Esterelle Mountains on the west. The style is ornate Louis XV. or Rococo, and combines many reminiscences of the palaces and buildings at Potsdam constructed in the time of Frederick the Great, and the interior is decorated and furnished to correspond to that period. The views from the broad terrace overlooking the Mediterranean are of unsurpassed beauty, and the beetling crag of the Tête de Chien, which rises immediately behind the château to an altitude of 2000 ft., shelters the house and gardens from the north wind, and renders the climate in this particular spot more than ordinarily mild and genial even for the Riviera.

MENTONE'S NEW FOUNTAIN.

The new drinking fountain at Mentone, which was unveiled by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein on April 10, has been presented to the town by Mr. Thomas Hanbury, whose well-known gardens in the Italian village of La Mortola are three miles distant. The fountain is an imposing structure of finely carved Turbia stone, designed by Mr. W. D. Caröe, and stands at the junction of the Corniche road with the Promenade St. Louis, a quarter of a mile from the bridge which marks the boundary between France and Italy. The fountain, which by reason of its site is to be known as "The Frontier Fountain," bears the following inscription in English: "In commemoration of the sixtieth year of the reign of her Britannic Majesty Victoria, R.I., and in recollection of her stay at Mentone, 1882."

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A French ecclesiastic, writing in the *Times*, thinks that the next great ecclesiastical change in the Roman Church will have to be the repeal of the law of clerical celibacy. He does not think this can be the work of the present Pontiff, or that the French Bishops will lead such a movement. He looks for its initiation to America, to Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland. Its success, he thinks, would bring a large accession of Anglican priests to the ranks of the Roman clergy. But if the law of clerical celibacy is repealed, we shall see great changes in the Latin Church, and I do not believe for a moment that it will ever be repealed.

The Church Jubilee offering for a Clergy Sustentation Fund seems to be dragging. Only about £20,000 has been subscribed. It is very difficult to get people to realise all that is contained in the announcement that tithe is 30 per cent. below par.

Dr. Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester, has celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday.

The Baptist Union has had very successful meetings, and reports great progress during the year, and an increase of more than six thousand members. The work of church-building is being vigorously prosecuted. Without one dissenting voice, the Union protested vehemently against the recent action of the Government and the Concert of Europe.

The Wesleyan Methodists also report a considerable increase this year. Last year they had a decrease, but it was more apparent than real. Methodists do not count the number of actual members, but only the number of those who "meet in class," and from the tendency of the times that number inclines to fall off.

The Rev. Stanley Gresham, of All Saints' Clergy House, Old Kent Road, says that many by whom Father Dolling is known and his work and teaching valued, are going on May 6 to join in praying and hearing Mass with this intention, that, if it be God's will, work may yet be found for him in England. Mr. Gresham invites priests who can help by saying Mass to write to him. Another correspondent says that he would like to know whether Father Dolling, in making his offers of service recently, placed himself unreservedly in the hands of the Bishops to whom he applied. He thinks that if he did he would find half-a-dozen Bishops who would accept him gladly, and under whose jurisdiction he would find greater freedom than in any other Church or diocese in the world. He does not think that the American Church would allow him anything like the same freedom, as it forbids all confession except to the murderer who is on the point of suffering the penalty of his deeds. V.



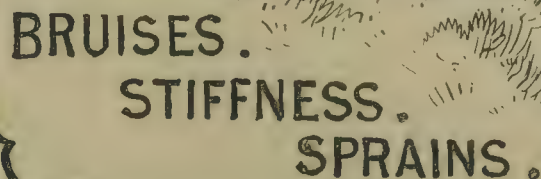
DRINKING-FOUNTAIN AT MENTONE COMMEMORATING THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

Dominican colours, resembling those of a magpie, have secured for him in many places the name of sea-pie, corrupted by way of diminutive to sea-piet, and thence to sea-pilot. But the most truly descriptive of all his names is the Scotch one of mussel-pecker.

Pain.

HUMAN USE

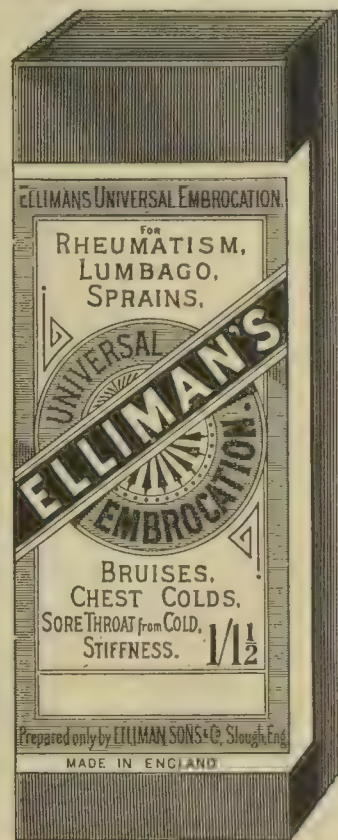
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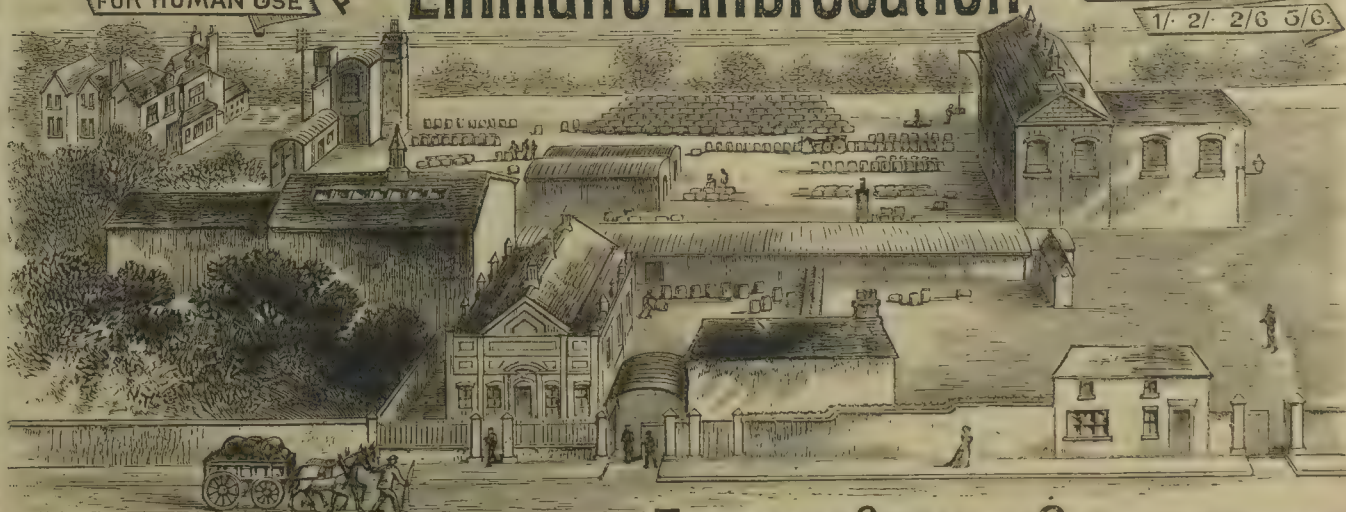
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LADIES' PAGE.

DRESSES.

I have been spending the last half-hour with a box of Egerton Burnett's patterns before me, realising the vast possibilities of their immortal serge. Really there is nowhere you can get such a variety of serges as you can here in Wellington, Somerset, an address which ought to be registered on the mind of everybody who wants a dress which should be at once decorative and useful. There is no material so successfully fulfilling these two duties as serge; white, blue, and red serge are all desirable at the immediate moment, and that excellent dress illustrated on this page might exploit the charms of either of these colours. Bands of braid are down either side of the skirt and outlining the pointed revers and round basque, a few folds of silk encircling the waist, while the vest is of cream muslin draped with lace. It would look well with a braid to match the serge or of black, followed with a line of narrow gold; and such a coat would also lend itself to the comfortable influences of the shirt. Besides enjoying the serges from Egerton Burnett's, I observe with pleasure the little washing zephyr cottons made in checks of red and white, blue and white, and black and white, at a price of 6½d. a yard. These are capital for plain shirt-bodices, or they make excellent dresses for little children. And again, among the patterns is a silk striped alpaca in pale blue and white and pink and white and mauve and white. This obtains at a price of 11½d. a yard, while there is a white ribbed cotton fit for making children's pelisses, soft of surface and texture, at a price of 9½d. Altogether, it is a liberal education in the art of the materials of the moment to delve into a box of patterns from Egerton Burnett's, of Wellington, Somerset.

Prophets insist upon asserting that we are to have a very warm summer, and in view of this delightful possibility muslin is being bought by the league. In other days muslin was a somewhat harsh, unsympathetic fabric; to-day it is soft, partaking almost of the virtues of crepe, and it is flower and figure-patterned in a hundred different ways. A new material hovering on the borders of canvas and muslin looks well conventionally patterned, and an old stuff which reappears to justify the taste of our grandmothers is barege.

We have quite determined on flouncing our skirts, and a novel way of treating the upper portion of these is to cover them with cream-coloured lace, mounted on a tight lining to extend well below the hips, whence the flounces fall in stiff elegance. The little jackets entirely made of lace are capital complements to such skirts, either made in black or in white; and they may be found with chiffon fronts covered with fine lace cravats. Such a pretty model tea-gown is there in the market, with the skirt set into



A SERGE COSTUME.

their foundation, so that the silken lining is more essential to-day than ever. A fine linen lawn is being much worn in Paris, and I have seen recently an entire costume of singular charm, suggesting that it should be taken to Ascot, made with the skirt crossed with insertions of Maltese lace in diamond patterns, the bodice showing the same decoration, fastening down one side with a frill of lace, and cut square at the top to show a little chemisette of white lisse; this drooped over a belt at the back and in the front, made of white kid, fastened with a buckle elaborately jewelled.

There is no end to the elaboration in dresses. Lace collars may be seen with the pattern of the lace outlined with baby ribbon and studded with small jewels, while entire bodices and skirts are made of the finest tucks of muslin bordered with a beading and trimmed with lace and insertion. Delightful muslin blouses are fashioned in this style, the tucks being run diagonally and meeting in V shape up the back, in a way most becoming to the figure. But I must not forget to describe that other dress sketched, and again for this let me recommend one of Egerton Burnett's fabrics. I would suggest a thin nun's veiling, which they possess, striped with a chiné flower and a narrow silk line in shaded mauve. This, with a trimming of mauve satin ribbons and cream-coloured lace, would be most attractive, and cheap, too, for the material only costs a shilling a yard, twenty-seven inches wide.

And now I must advise "A Fidget," without a moment's hesitation to cast aside all thought of that blue lining to the muslin. It is a charming muslin and calls aloud for a white or cream lining, when the trimming of needlework which she proposes would be most desirable. The best way of making the skirt is to cover it from waist to hem with muslin, and then to have the bodice overhanging a belt of ribbon, made of three shades of cerise folded to a very narrow width. A shirt bodice and a perfectly plain skirt must be the style for washing-dresses which are really made to wash, and mull muslin linings are the most advisable.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Both the Private Views have been very smart, but the Academy was "easily first." Perhaps the most striking figure was the tall and graceful one of Mary Caroline, Duchess of Sutherland, who was accompanied by her husband, Sir Albert Rollit, M.P. The Duchess wore a slightly trained silver grey satin, embroidered with silver round the foot, and a bodice of silver and steel grey brocade velvet, with a white ostrich feather boa. Lady Dorothy Nevill created some surprise by wearing a full-blown "curtain" of black lace on the back of her bonnet, worn above a pelisse, with sacque back, of black satin. Lady Coleridge wore that mixture of black and white that is the most popular "note" of the moment; her gown was of sun-pleated silk grenadine, cut by vandykes of fine black lace insertion at wide intervals from waist to hem, with epaulettes and revers covered with white chiffon and lace. Lady Carew, handsome and tall, looked as well as usual in a green taffetas blouse and black satin skirt. Lady Lockwood's black satin mantle was handsomely embroidered with dull silver sequins. Black brocade skirts and blouses of fancy silks, smartly trimmed, were very frequently seen.

Smartest, of course, was the theatrical contingent, though some of the eccentricities that the Academy Private View always displays were most striking. One old lady (with a title) attracted universal notice in a long cloak of salmon-pink plush edged all round with a stiff wide band

of gold embroidery, like a cope. A brilliant red-and-green cashmere shawl, with the back of the neck adorned with a huge brooch, distinguished another figure. Attracting attention by good taste, on the other hand, was Miss Marion Terry's costume, a skirt of chené silk in blurred tones of yellow and green, and a bodice draped entirely in chiffon of shot-green and gold with silk sleeves. The two Misses Hanbury wore grey bengaline skirts and blouses of grey silk, covered with silver embroideries of the sequin description. Mrs. George Alexander had an extremely pretty costume of black grenadine, with a vest of chiffon passing under a deep belt of blue-and-green plaid silk, shown under a little bolero that was edged round with a very fine embroidery in gold and many colours, and that was cut far up at the back in a point, the opening reaching to the shoulders. Madame Antoinette Sterling, in the velvet long coat and "tam-o'-shanter" that she generally wears (royal blue this time), was as magnetic as ever to her many friends.

Either the ladies have done better than usual this year or the new President's régime is more favourable to them than the old used to be, for the work of women's brushes is very well represented. One-fifth of the total number of exhibits are by women; and, judging by the Private View comments, Lady Butler's picture promises to be one of the successes of the year. It is admirably placed at the end of the long vista of the galleries. Another undoubted success is Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch's painting representing the catching of the colts in the New Forest.

Visitors to the Royal Academy can hardly fail to notice Mr. Frampton's more than life-size statue in bronze and marble of Dame Alice Owen, whose Elizabethan dress is very striking. Statues to women, other than royal ones, are so rare in this country that the determination of the Governors of Dame Alice Owen's Schools and Almshouses to put up her statue deserves notice. She was one of the many women who in past times have contributed to the endowment of education. She not only gave largely to both Universities and to Christ's Hospital, but she established a school of her own for both boys and girls at Islington, which was then a country village separated from London by a considerable distance of open fields. Dame Alice Owen as a child was playing in the fields at Islington when the arrow of a careless archer was directed towards her, but pierced through the hat on her head without injuring her. The good lady in her advanced life founded the schools at Islington as a token of her gratitude for this providential escape. She drew up very elaborate rules for its management, which continued to govern it until the Charity Commissioners reorganised it within recent times.

Lady Anstruther, on behalf of the Young Women's Christian Association, asks that people having nice countrified



A CHARMING DRESS.

tucks from waist to hem, the bodice crossing at one side, with a large lawn collar frilled with lace. This is sufficiently loose and yet not negligé in its appearance, and the style looks well made in soft English satin, or in one of the new printed pongees whose name is legion.

Printed pongee is now made of very good quality, and with a width of twenty-seven inches, which renders it specially useful. The most popular designs are conventional, and the most popular trimming is the insertion of lace, either black lace or butter-coloured lace being used in rows from hip to knees, where a flounce puts in its appearance to the hem. All such materials need to be set loose from



THE FLOUNCED SKIRT.

gardens within easy reach of London will give invitations through the institution named for parties of working girls to spend Saturday afternoon or Bank Holiday in those gardens. The invitation should, of course, include afternoon tea, but need not involve any further expense. Lady Anstruther says that such invitations are a very great boon to thousands of girls who seldom see anything but town streets. "A few hours spent amidst pleasant surroundings in park or garden afford a welcome refreshment, keenly appreciated by those whose daily life is one of toilsome monotony." Any of my readers willing to accede to this request can make the necessary arrangements through Miss Butler, 13, Onslow Square. F. F.-M.

No Voice, however feeble, lifted up for Truth ever Dies.

NATURE! SUNSHINE AND SHADOW!

*We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on,
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;*

*We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.*

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.—WHITTIER.

THE GENIUS OF THIS LIFE, COMMON SENSE!

Nothing happens by Chance. We have Eyes and see not.

THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH THAN ARE DREAMT OF IN OUR PHILOSOPHY

IT IS FOR YOU TO FIND OUT WHY YOUR EARS ARE BOXED.

AN IMAGE OF HUMAN LIFE. INCAPACITY MEETS WITH THE SAME PUNISHMENT AS CRIME.

NATURE'S LAWS.

"Nor love thy life nor hate; but what thou livest live well."—MILTON.

"Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon us winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to *learn at least* the names and moves of the pieces: to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his sons, or the State which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—and, more or less, of those who are connected with us—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature*. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest



stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

"My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win*. And I should accept it as an image of human life.

"The great mass of mankind are the 'Poll,' who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

"Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the *blow without* the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed."—HUXLEY.

"Nature's Laws, I must repeat, are eternal; her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No man can depart from the truth without damage to himself."—T. CARLYLE.

THE BREAKING OF LAWS. REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

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WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! Thou art above gold and treasure. "'Tis thou who enlargest the soul, and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

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Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' had run out. When making long marches, under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, we have used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' two or three times a day. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly, Commander A. J. LOFTUS, His Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer; E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs, Bangkok, Siam, 1883.—To J. C. Eno, Esq., London."

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Missionary Society, Salisbury Square, and the Christian Evidence Society, 13, Buckingham Street; £2000, upon trust, for a stained-glass window for the chancel of All Saints, Wandsworth; all chattels belonging to him and having relation to the Nind family, and the books written by his late brother, the Rev. William Nind, to the Commissioners of the Wandsworth Free Library; his pharmaceutical books and his diploma to the Pharmaceutical Society; and a few small legacies to relatives, executor, and servant. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to apply the income to such purposes, being charitable purposes (within the meaning, purview, and interpretation of the preamble of the Act 43, Elizabeth, chapter 4) connected with or calculated to assist or extend the objects and work of or being carried out or undertaken by, or to increase the efficiency of, the Church of England in the parishes of St. Anne, All Saints, St. Faith, St. Andrew (Earlsfield), St. Mary (Somers Town), St. Paul and St. Barnabas, St. Michael (Southfields), and St. Stephen, Wandsworth, or any of them or any other Church of England parish, for the time being, of Wandsworth, as his special trustees may from time to time think fit; but no part of the said trust funds or the income thereof is at any time to be invested or applied in or towards the purchase of any land or interest in land as sites for or in or towards the erection, repair, improvement, or alteration of churches, rectories, parsonages, vicarages, or almshouses; but any part of the income may be applied in repairing,

improving, or altering any mission-room and other building devoted to charitable, social, educational, or religious purposes. He further states that he would like some part of the income to be applied either occasionally or by way of donation or annually, in providing for additional clerical or lay help, or to augment the stipends of needy curates, or to help those who by reason of old age or sickness are unable to help themselves. The said trust is to be called the "Nind's Wandsworth Church Trust," and is to be distributed as nearly as possible on May 16, his birthday.

The will (dated March 27, 1882), with two codicils (dated May 23, 1887, and Dec. 22, 1896), of Mr. Charles John Günther, of Hill Lodge, Champion Hill, who died on Jan. 21, was proved on April 23 by Mrs. Bertha Dorothea Wilhelmina Günther, the widow, and Charles Eugene Günther and Robert Louis Günther, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £80,014. The testator gives all his real and personal estate to his wife, her executors, administrators, and assigns.

The will (dated Nov. 30, 1894), with a codicil (dated July 16, 1896), of General Sir William Parke, K.C.B., Colonel of the Seaforth Highlanders, of Thornhill, Stalbridge, Dorset, who died on March 29, was proved on April 21 by Dame Anna Maria Parke, the widow, and William Alcock Whitbeck Parke, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £44,687. The testator devises his Thornhill estate and all other lands and

premises, upon trust, for his wife, for life, with remainder to his son William Alcock Whitbeck Parke, for his life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male. He gives £1000 and all his furniture, plate-glass, and pictures to his wife, and during her widowhood she is to receive the income of his residuary estate. At her decease or remarriage he settles £20,000 on his daughter, Dorothy Eden Parke, and leaves the residue of his personal estate to his said son.

The will and two codicils of Mr. William Derisley Harding, C.E., of Islington Lodge, Islington, Norfolk, who died on March 5, was proved on April 22 by Mrs. Louisa Harding, the widow, Mrs. Ellen Hawkins, the daughter, and Samuel Moreton Wightman Wilson, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £4939.

The will (dated April 14, 1896), with two codicils (dated Aug. 7, 1896, and Jan. 16, 1897), of the Right Hon. Emily Frances, Lady Bowen, of 2, Queen's Gate Gardens, and formerly of Slangham Common, Hayward's Heath, who died on March 26, was proved on April 23 by the Rev. William Edward Bowen, the son, and James Meadows Rendel, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £35,271. The testatrix bequeaths her lace diamonds, jewels, and furs to her daughter, Mrs. Ethel Wedgwood, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Catherine Elizabeth Bowen; an annuity of £60 to her servant Mary Arthur; and £3400, upon trust, for her son Maxwell Steele Bowen. She devises the lands and

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LUCERNE (437 mètres above sea) has long been recognised as the most beautiful of all resorts of Switzerland as well as the most central for the purposes of touring, being situated at the foot of the picturesque Lake of the Four Cantons and the terminus of several railway systems, including the Gotthard Line, that over the Brünig Pass, the lines to Bâle, to Berne, and to Zürich, so that an almost endless number of Excursions may be made. Visitors taking up residence at LUCERNE may arrange some charming tour daily for several weeks—as the Lake of Brunnau and Flüelen, that romantic portion famous for the associations with William Tell; to Seelisberg and the Rütli; to Weggis and Vitznau for ascents of the Rigi; to Alpnach for Mount Pilatus; to Küssnacht for Tell's Chapel, or to Kehrsiten for the electric railway up the



Bürgenstock, or Stansstad for the famous Stanserhorn. Then short railway trips may be made over the Brünig to Meiringen, to the curious monastery of Einsiedeln, along the Lake Valley to Lenzburg, and the Gotthard Line to Göschenen. LUCERNE is in itself the loveliest spot in Switzerland, and possesses many curiosities and antiquities. In recent years the town has been greatly improved; it possesses some of the finest hotels in Europe, as well as numerous pensions, villas, and apartments, which may be had at reasonable rates. LUCERNE is only twenty-four hours from London, and twelve from Paris, and a week's visit may be paid to this charming spot by English visitors at a cost of 10 guineas railway fare and all expenses included. The Illustration shows LUCERNE with the new Sea Bridge and the old quaint Chapel Bridge and Water Tower, with Mount Pilatus in the background. For the further assistance of tourists an OFFICIAL INQUIRY OFFICE has been opened by the town. Any further particulars may be obtained there, and a complimentary guide to Central Switzerland, richly illustrated, and with maps, is forwarded, free of charge, on written application, to all parts of the world.

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hereditaments in Mayo, comprised in her marriage settlement, to her son William Edward Bowen. The residue of her property she leaves as to one moiety thereof to her son William Edward Bowen, and the other moiety, upon trust, for her son Maxwell Steele Bowen.

The will (dated Aug. 30, 1895) of Mr. Charles James Allport, of 12, Tavistock Square, and formerly of 24, Woburn Place, who died on Feb. 6, was proved on April 22 by Mrs. Cecilia Mary Louisa Allport, the widow, and Henry Montagu Butler and Richard Tetley Glazebrook, the Master and Bursar of Trinity College, Cambridge, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £29,380. The testator bequeaths £500 and his furniture and household effects to his wife; and 50 guineas each to his other executors. The residue of his real and personal estate, including his one-fifth share of the property of his deceased father, Sir James Joseph Allport, is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children. Should there be no children who shall live to take a vested interest therein, his residuary estate is to be held, upon trust, for his step-son, Frederic Santiago Billingham, for life, and then, upon further trusts, for the Master and Bursar of Trinity College, Cambridge, to found, endow, and maintain lectureships and scholarships in scientific engineering, to be called the "Charles James Allport Scholarships."

The will (dated Nov. 11, 1896) of Mr. Alan Cozens-Hardy Colman, of the hamlet of Carrow, Norwich, one of the directors of J. and J. Colman, Limited, who died on

Feb. 7 at Luxor, Egypt, was proved on April 22, by Jeremiah James Colman, the father, and Russell James Colman, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £28,161. The testator gives all his ordinary and preference shares of J. and J. Colman, Limited, to his brother, Russell James Colman, and his sisters Florence Esther Colman, Ethel Mary Colman, Helen Caroline Colman, and Laura Elizabeth Stuart, and he appoints his nephew, Geoffrey Russell Rees Colman, on his attaining twenty-one years of age, a director of the said company. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said brother and sisters in equal shares.

The will of Mr. Ralph de Denno Newnan, of 15, South Audley Street, and formerly of Porto, Portugal, who died on Nov. 23, was proved on April 13 by Robert Lydston Newnan, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3123.

"Academy Notes" (Chatto and Windus), "originated" by Henry Blackburn, appears as usual this year, and shows few, if any, signs of falling popularity. The illustrations—partly reproductions from the pictures themselves and partly outline drawings by the artists or other competent hands—are as numerous as ever, if, indeed, they are not more so. At any rate, the hundred and fifty pages are crammed with pictures, which will not only serve visitors as a catalogue of the more important works, but will enable them to retain a handy and artistic reference to the contents of the exhibition at Burlington House.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

On the site of the old Opera House in the Haymarket has risen one of the handsomest theatres in London. For the soul of the playgoer Mr. Beerbohm Tree has built a lordly pleasure-house; not so much for the soul, perhaps, as for the comfort of the playgoer's person and for the delight of the eye, which is found in agreeable decorations. Here, then, is a theatre in every way worthy of Mr. Tree's ambition. It is opened with imposing ceremony; an "inaugural address" by the Poet Laureate is recited by Mrs. Tree with appropriate allusions to the connection between the name of Her Majesty's Theatre and the auspicious year of the Queen's reign which the nation is about to celebrate; the National Anthem is sung with due impressiveness; and then we proceed to the play as if by an after-thought. Mr. Gilbert Parker's drama, "The Seats of the Mighty," founded on his novel of the same name, was originally produced in America, where it was a signal failure. Apart from the merits of the piece, the cause of this is not far to seek. It was too much to expect American audiences to respond to the flamboyant patriotism of a British officer of King George III. Captain Robert Moray, a prisoner of war at Quebec, has a fine contempt for the French officers, some of whom, less than twenty years later, may have helped Washington to liberate the American colonies. This alone was enough to make Mr. Parker's play distasteful to many Americans. In London the

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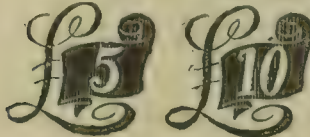
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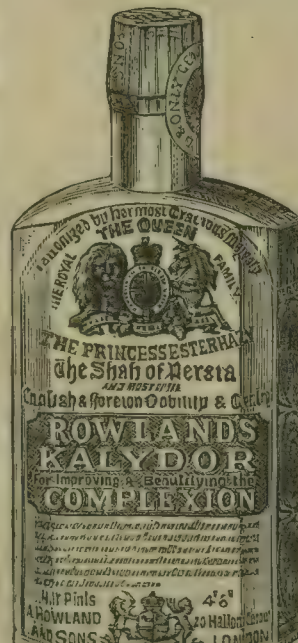
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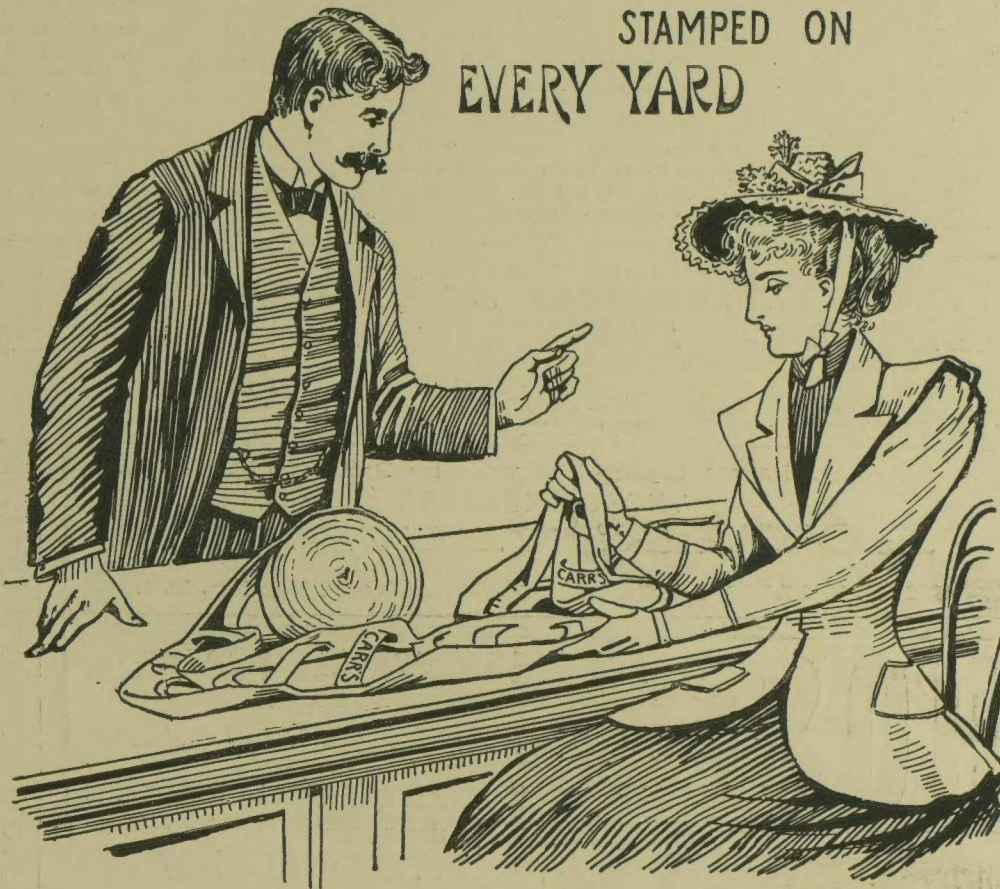
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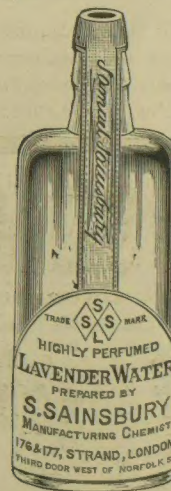
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unflinching spirit of Captain Moray, who is possessed of a letter in which Madame de Pompadour offers to sell Canada to the English, is better appreciated; but, unfortunately, the play has little else to recommend it. In the prologue we see a weak semblance of the Court of Versailles, with the Pompadour and Louis XV., who is angry with his natural son, Doltaire, for prophesying the French Revolution. As a penalty, Doltaire is sent to Canada to look for the Pompadour's compromising letter, and by the same ship sails Alixe Duvarney, object of his sinister affections, and beloved of Moray. The story of the piece is the struggle between these two men for the possession of the lady and the letter. Mr. Parker, who is a young theatrical hand, tells his plot in a series of violent incidents, which make effective "situations" without any real sequence of ideas or emotions. Doltaire is rather like the little girl in the nursery rhyme, who when she was good was very, very good, and when she was bad she was horrid. Mr. Tree is so horrid that he makes unpardonable advances to Alixe Duvarney in a secluded room of the Governor's palace; but when she snatches his sword from the scabbard and waves the handle at him symbolically,

he suddenly remembers his duty to France, is very penitent, meditates all manner of heroic actions, and is rewarded by being blown up in a gunpowder explosion, falling a victim to a mad barber, who mistakes him for somebody else. The British officer, who has a low opinion of French manners, does not commend his own by taunting Doltaire with the stigma of illegitimacy; but he is equal to every emergency, as a melodramatic hero should be, marries Alixe, even when he is a prisoner under guard, and jumps out of a window into the sea, while Alixe is distracting Doltaire's attention with an extremely modern high-kick dance which she is supposed to have learned at Versailles. The play teems with similar absurdities; but it is acted with great spirit by Mr. Tree, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mrs. Tree, and Miss Kate Rorke.

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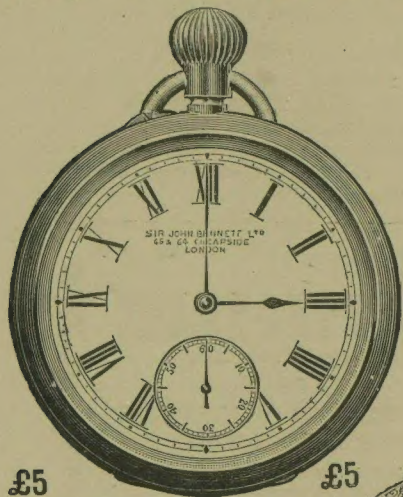
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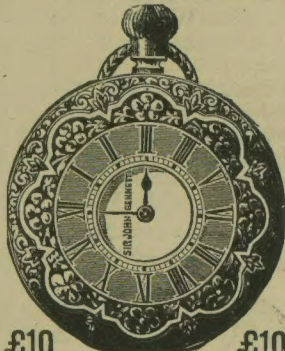


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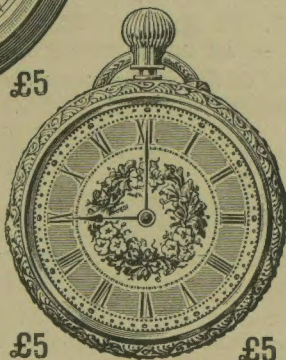
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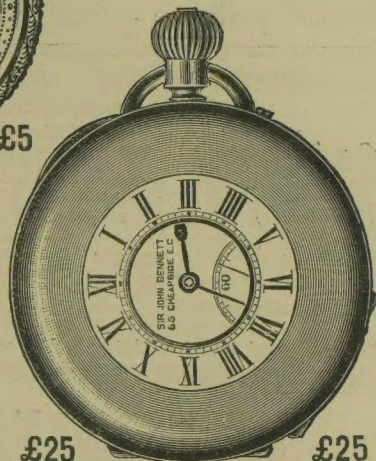
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week, is billed as the work of J. Cheever Goodwin and Woolson Morse. It relates how the infant son of M. Bidart, a florist in the Boulevard des Capucines, Paris, was going to be christened, when the nurse lost the baby in the Luxembourg Gardens. Bidart (Mr. Frank Wheeler) and the three godfathers of the child, represented by Mr. J. H. Barnes, Mr. Robb Harwood, and Mr. H. de Lange, set out in search of the missing child, encountering a series of wildly farcical adventures, including the new form of French humour which insists on the players changing their clothes on the stage. Mlle. Rose d'Été, a pretty actress, charmingly presented by Miss Decima Moore, figures in the wanderings of the three old gentlemen, while Miss Ethel Sydney is the hapless infant's lonely godmother. The piece is lively, the music is catching, and the setting is more than sufficient.

"JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN," AT THE STRAND.

The New Century Theatre's production of Ibsen's latest play drew a crowded house of specialists to the Strand Theatre on Monday afternoon. "John Gabriel Borkman" is a fine acting play, and yet it was scarcely so well acted as some of its predecessors. Mr. W. H. Vernon, in the title part, was impressive on the whole—who could fail to be with such lines?—but Miss Geneviève Ward, as the wife, imparted too much of the air of a tragedy queen into what was, after all, a drama of intellect rather than obvious action. Nor was Miss Robins quite equal to her old form. She is developing a curiously plaintive come-to-mamma tone, that invalidates much of the emotion which she seeks to represent, and her make-up was singularly and surely needlessly ugly. On the other hand, Mrs. Tree, whose husband is the only actor-manager who has tackled Ibsen, gave Mrs. Wilton

exactly that touch of winning fascination which she must have possessed to capture Erhart, whom Mr. Martin Harvey played with a tendency to treat the lad's declaration in favour of the rights of youth in the spirit of farce. A clever portrait of the poor old poet, Foldal, was painted by Mr. James Welch, whose make-up was wonderfully realistic. Miss Dora Barton was natural as Frida, and Miss Caldwell did what was needed as the maid.

"MR. SYMPKYN," AT THE GLOBE.

Mr. Penley's theatre reopened on Saturday with a remarkably imbecile farce called "Mr. Sympkyn," Mr. George Shelton playing the leading part. There were only six people in the cast, but there might have been six thousand, so varied were the aspects of inane intrigue which constituted its humour.

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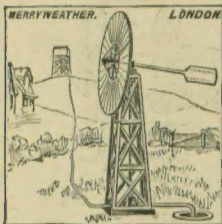
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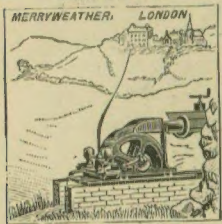
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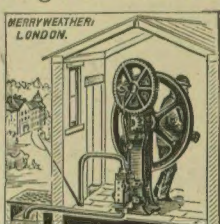
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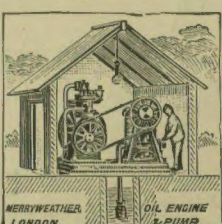
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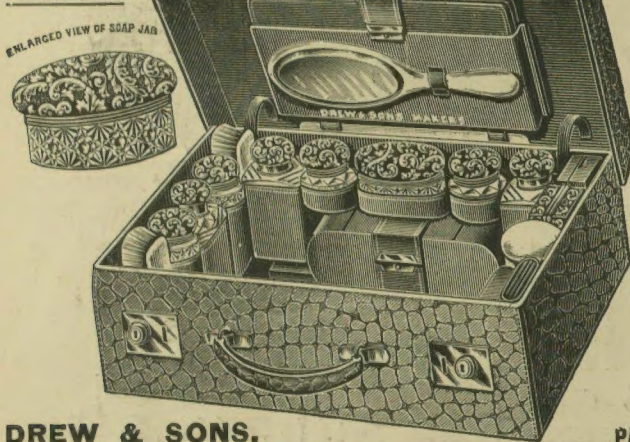
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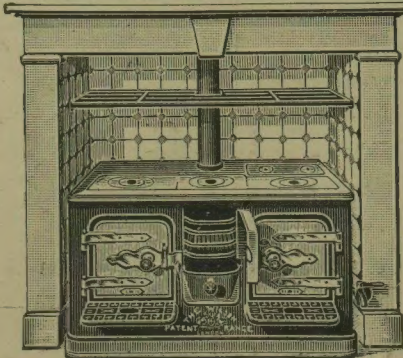
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